P. Fourdrinier fecit.

Paradise Regain'd:

A

POEM.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added,

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

POEMS upon several Occasions.

With a Tractate of Education.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

The SEVENTH EDITION Corrected.

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Para-

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I WHO ere while the happy Garden ſung,
By one Man's Diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all Mankind,
By one Man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waſte Wilderneſs.

Thou, Spirit, who ledſt this glorious Eremite
Into the Deſart, his victorious Field
Againſt the ſpiritual Foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song, elſe mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
With proſperous wing full ſumm'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroick, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd ſo long unſung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the ſound of Trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptiſm flock'd,
With awe the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joſeph* deem'd,
To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obſcure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a Dove
The Spirit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adverſary, who roving ſtill
About the World, at that aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted Man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his Place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To Council ſummons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks aguſt and ſad he thus beſpake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide World,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conqueſt, than remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of Men,
This Univerſe we have poſſeſt, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,

Since

Since *Adam* and his facil Conſort *Eve*
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head; long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſt, wherein we
Muſt bide the ſtroak of that long threatn'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the Head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of Woman born.
His Birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flower diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to atchieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King: all come,
And he himſelf among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Teſtimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
Unfold her Cryſtal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.

His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heaven;
And what will he not do t' advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
Ere in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition, to find out
And ruin *Adam*, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer Voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once,
Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main Enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In *Adam*'s overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs

His

His eaſie ſteps, girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new declar'd,
This Man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his Reign on Earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counſel pre-ordain'd and fixt
Of the moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* ſmiling ſpake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that ſolemn Meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that ſhe ſhould bear a Son
Great in Renown and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her, doubting how theſe things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the Power of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this Man born and now up grown,
To ſhew him worthy of his Birth Divine
And high Prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtilty, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apoſtaſie; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in *Job*,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a Man
Of female Seed, far abler to reſiſt
All his ſollicitations, and at length
All his vaſt force, and drive him back to Hell,

Winning by conqueſt what the firſt man loſt,
By fallacy ſurpriz'd. But firſt I mean
To exerciſe him in the Wilderneſs,
There he ſhall firſt lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I ſend him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and ſtrong Sufferance:
His weakneſs ſhall o'ercome Satanick ſtrength
And all the world, and maſs of ſinful fleſh;
That all the Angels and Æthereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may diſcern,
From what conſummate virtue I have choſe
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So ſpake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring ſtood a ſpace, then into Hymns
Burſt forth, and in Celeſtial meaſures mov'd
Circling the Throne and ſinging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entering his great duel, not of Arms,
But to vanquiſh by wiſdom helliſh wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore ſecure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Againſt whate'er may tempt, whate'er ſeduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be fruſtrate all ye ſtratagems of Hell,
And deviliſh machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet ſome days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Muſing and much revolving in his breaſt,

How

How beſt the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way firſt
Publiſh his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converſe
With ſolitude, till far from track of Men,
Thought following thought, and ſtep by ſtep led on,
He entred now the bordering deſart wild,
And with dark ſhades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus purſu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel my ſelf, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd.
When I was yet a Child no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my ſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that ere yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix Years, at our great Feaſt
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all; yet this not all
To which my Spirit aſpir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue *Iſrael* from the *Roman* Yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,

Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hear[illegible]
And make perſuaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully miſ-doing, but unaware
Miſ-led; the ſtubborn only to deſtroy.
Theſe growing thoughts my Mother ſoon perceiving
By words at times caſt forth, inly rejoic'd,
And ſaid to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nouriſh them, and let them ſoar
To what heighth ſacred virtue and true worth
Can raiſe them, though above example high;
By matchleſs Deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men eſteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is th' Eternal King, who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
A meſſenger from God foretold thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou ſhould'ſt be great and ſit on *David*'s Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there ſhall be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* ſung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Meſſiah now was born,
Where they might ſee him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'ſt;
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star not ſeen before in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wiſe Men thither from the Eaſt,
To honour thee with Incenſe, Myrrh and Gold,
By whoſe bright courſe led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of *Iſrael* born.

Juſt

Juſt *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna* warn'd
By Viſion found thee in the Temple, and ſpake
Before the Altar and the veſted Prieſt,
Like things of thee to all that preſent ſtood.
This having heard, ſtraight I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, ſearching what was writ
Concerning the Meſſiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and ſoon found of whom they ſpake
I am; this chiefly, that my way muſt lie
Through many a hard aſſay even to the death,
Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,
Or work Redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold!
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was ſhewn him ſo from Heav'n)
Me him whoſe Harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his Baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit deſcended on me like a Dove;
And laſt, the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes
The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.

And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this Wilderneſs, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So ſpake our Morning Star, then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs Deſart, dusk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane ſteps untrod:
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come,
Lodg'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choiceſt Society.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill,
Sometimes anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome antient Oak
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild Beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray Ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a Winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs

In Troop or Caravan, for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcaſe, pin'd with hunger and with drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the Man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd ſo, and call'd the Son
Of God: I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wilde, conſtrain'd by want, come forth
To Town or Village nigh (nigheſt is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame alſo finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I ſeek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I ſee not; for we here
Live on tough roots and ſtubs, to thirſt inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much miſery and hardſhip born;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of theſe hard ſtones be made thee Bread;
So ſhalt thou ſave thy ſelf, and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched ſeldom taſte.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'ſt thou ſuch force in Bread; is it not written
(For I diſcern thee other than thou ſeem'ſt)
Man lives not by bread only but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moſes was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food
Wandred this barren waſte, the ſame I now:

Why

Why doſt thou then ſuggeſt to me diſtruſt,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus anſwer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undiſguis'd.
Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in raſh revolt,
Kept not my happy Station, but was driven
With them from bliſs to the bottomleſs deep,
Yet to that hideous place not ſo confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Priſon I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my reſort ſometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illuſtrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud,
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
I undertook that Office; and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes
To his deſtruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do; though I have loſt
Much luſtre of my native brightneſs, loſt
To be belov'd of God, I have not loſt
To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy Wiſdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them

I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe Regions of the World,
If not diſpoſer; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and wo.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with wo
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs) that Man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd:
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhun'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the Hoſt of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heav'ns King.
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a lyar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confest more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Delusions, justly, since they fell
Idolatrous; but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels president
In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdaining
T'approach thy Temple, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
To thy Adorers? thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning Parasite obey'st;
Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,

At

At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his loving Oracle
Into the World to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.

So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembled, and this Anſwer ſmooth return'd.

Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath wreſted from me; where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lye,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad t'eſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th'ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, tho I deſpair t' attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Prieſt
To tread his Sacred Courts, and miniſter
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchſaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.

To

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The Deſart, Fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild Beaſts came forth the Woods to roam.

The End of the Firſt Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their Joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
Sometimes they thought he might only be ſhewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the Mount, and miſſing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young Prophets then with care
Sought loſt *Elijah*, ſo in each place theſe

Nigh

Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jericho*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* old,
Macharus, and each Town or City wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek,
Where Winds with Reeds and Oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain Fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out-breath'd.
Alas, from that high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our Eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,
The Kingdom ſhall to *Iſrael* be reſtor'd:
Thus we rejoic'd, but ſoon our Joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Iſrael*,
Send thy Meſſiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th'Earth how they oppreſs
Thy choſen, to what heighth their Pow'r unjuſt
They have exalted, and behind them caſt
All fear of thee; ariſe and vindicate
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke:
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him
By his great Prophet, pointed at and ſhown
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,

Nor

or will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
lock us with his bleſt ſight, then ſnatch him hence:
oon we ſhall ſee our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope reſume
To find whom at the firſt they found unſought:
But to his mother *Mary*, when ſhe ſaw
Others return'd from Baptiſm, not her Son,
Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
Within her breaſt, though calm; her breaſt, though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which ſhe in ſighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute,
Hail highly favour'd, among Women bleſt;
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other Women, by the birth I bore;
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet ſoon enforc'd to fly
Thence into *Egypt*, till the murd'rous King
Were dead, who ſought his life, and miſſing fill'd
With Infant-blood the ſtreets of *Bethlehem*;
From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptiſt, and in publick ſhown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice:
I look'd for ſome great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain foretold,

That

That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very Soul
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Desart wild,
Sole, but with holiest Meditations fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on Earth, and Mission high.
For Satan with sly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council sate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, Heav'ns ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new troubles; such an Enemy
Is risen to invade us, whom no less
Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Than when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
Of my success with *Eve* in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist; lest I who erst
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteſt Spirit that fell,
The sensualleſt, and, after *Asmodai*,
The fleshliest Incubus; and thus advis'd.

Set

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each Region paſſing fair
As the noon Sky; more like to Goddeſſes
Than mortal Creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting Tongues
Perſuaſive, Virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them, tangl'd in amorous Nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the Magnetic hardeſt Iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To whom quick anſwer Satan thus return'd:
Belial, in much uneven ſcale thou weigh'ſt
All others by thy ſelf, becauſe of old
Thou thy ſelf doat'dſt on woman-kind, admiring
Their ſhape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'ſt, but taken with ſuch toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy luſty Crew,
Falſe-titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Caſt wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not ſeen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dſt,
In Wood or Grove by moſſie Fountain ſide,
In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay
Some Beauty rare, *Caliſto*, *Clymene*,

Daphne,

Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'dſt thy ſcapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But theſe haunts
Delight not all; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a ſmile made ſmall account
Of beauty and her lures, eaſily ſcorn'd
All her aſſaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* Conqueror,
A Youth, how all the Beauties of the Eaſt
He ſlightly view'd, and ſlightly overpaſs'd;
How he ſirnam'd of *Africa* diſmiſs'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid.
For *Solomon*, he liv'd at eaſe, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher deſign than to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiſer far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and ſet wholly on th' accompliſhment
Of greateſt things; what Woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leiſure will vouchſafe an eye
Of fond deſire? or ſhould ſhe confident,
As ſitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
Deſcend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, ſo Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majeſtick brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Diſcount'nance her deſpis'd, and put to rout
All her array, her female pride deject,
Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty ſtands

In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; ceaſe t'admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and ſhrink into a trivial toy,
At every ſudden ſlighting quite abaſht:
Therefore with manlier objects we muſt try
His conſtancy, with ſuch as have more ſhew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praiſe,
Rocks whereon greateſt Men have often wreck'd;
Or that which only ſeems to ſatisfy
Lawful deſires of Nature, not beyond.
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderneſs;
The reſt commit to me, I ſhall let paſs
No advantage, and his ſtrength as oft aſſay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a choſen band
Of Spirits likeſt to himſelf in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cauſe were to unfold ſome active Scene
Of various Perſons each to know his part:
Then to the Deſart takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hungring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wandring this woody Maze, and human food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that Faſt
To Virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here; if Nature need not,
Or God ſupport Nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe asks; yet God

Can

Can ſatisfie that need ſome other way,
Tho hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreſhment ſweet;
He thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* ſtood
And ſaw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing even and morn,
Tho rav'nous, taught t'abſtain from what they brought:
He ſaw the Prophet alſo how he fled
Into the Deſart, and how there he ſlept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid riſe and eat,
And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a gueſt with *Daniel* at his Pulſe.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his graſſie couch up roſe
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his ſteps he rear'd,
From whoſe high top to ken the Proſpect round,

If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he ſaw,
Only 'n a bottom ſaw a pleaſant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds reſounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To reſt at noon, and enter'd ſoon the ſhade
High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That open'd in the midſt a woody Scene;
Nature's own work it ſeem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a ſuperſtitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When ſuddenly a man before him ſtood,
(Not ruſtic as before, but ſeemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred)
And with fair ſpeech theſe words to him addreſs'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild ſolitude ſo long ſhould bide,
Of all things deſtitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of ſome note,
As ſtory tells, have trod this Wilderneſs;
The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son,
Out-caſt *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Iſrael* here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat;
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.

To whom thus Jeſus: What conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou ſeeſt have none.

How

How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd;
Tell me if Food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal, ſaid the ſubtle Fiend?
Haſt thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all Creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To Idols, thoſe young *Daniel* could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſt? Behold
Nature aſham'd, or, better to expreſs,
Troubl'd that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord,
With honour, only deign to ſit and eat.

He ſpake no dream; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A Table richly ſpread, in Regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavour, Beaſts of chaſe, or Fowl of game,
In Paſtry-built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-ſteam'd; all Fiſh from Sea or Shore,
Freſhet, or purling Brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coaſt.
Alas, how ſimple, to theſe Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve!*
And at a ſtately ſide-board by the wine

That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*; diſtant more
Under the Trees now tripp'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of *Diana*'s train, and *Naiades*
With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea*'s horn,
And Ladies of th' *Heſperides*, that ſeem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd ſince
Of Fairy Damſels met in foreſt wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*.
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chyming ſtrings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentleſt gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their ſoft wings, and *Flora*'s earlieſt ſmells.
Such was the ſplendor; and the Tempter now
His invitation earneſtly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to ſit and eat?
Theſe are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of theſe Viands pure;
Their taſte no knowledge works at leaſt of evil,
But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are Spirits of Air, and Wood, and Springs,
Thy gentle Miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledg thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd:
Saidſt thou not, that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend.
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo pow'r to give, thou ſeeſt;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need;
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fetcht ſpoil. With that
Both Table and Proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe Words his Temptation purſu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides;
For no allurement yields to appetite:
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe.
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy ſelf

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But life preſerves, deſtroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with ſweet reſtorative delight.
All theſe are Spirits of Air, and Wood, and Springs,
Thy gentle Miniſters, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledg thee their Lord:
What doubt'ſt thou Son of God? ſit down and eat.

To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd:
Saidſt thou not, that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?

I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Command a Table in this Wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend.
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo pow'r to give, thou ſeeſt;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need;
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of theſe things others quickly will diſpoſe,
Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fetcht ſpoil. With that
Both Table and Proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only the importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe Words his Temptation purſu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides;
For no allurement yields to appetite:
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe.
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy ſelf

Bred up in poverty and ſtreights at home,
Loſt in a Deſart here, and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence Authority deriv'ſt?
What Followers, what Retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conqueſt and Realms.
What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Judah*'s Throne,
Thy Throne, but Gold that got him puiſſant Friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get Riches firſt, get Wealth, and Treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wiſdom ſit and want.

To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd:
Yet Wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd;
Witneſs thoſe antient Empires of the Earth,
In height of all their flowing wealths diſſolv'd:
But men endu'd with theſe, have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd Lad,
Whoſe Off-ſpring on the Throne of *Judah* ſat
So many Ages, and ſhall yet regain
That Seat, and reign in *Iſrael* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor,

Who

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance, if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praiſe.
What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and Realms? yet not, for that a Crown,
Golden in ſhew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies:
For therein ſtands the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praiſe,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, Deſires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which ev'ry wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men or head-ſtrong multitudes,
Subject himſelf to Anarchy within,
Or lawleſs Paſſions in him, which he ſerves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By ſaving Doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more Kingly; this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part:
That other o'er the body only reigns;
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
So reigning, can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs, then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a Scepter, oftteſt better miſs'd.

The End of the Second Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God; and Satan ſtood
A while as mute, confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift:
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.

I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do:
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should Kings and Nations, from thy mouth conſult,
Thy Counſel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, thoſe oraculous gems
On *Aaron*'s breaſt, or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou ſought to deeds

That might require th'array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy Proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battle, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe God-like Virtues wherefore doſt thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage Wilderneſs? wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thy ſelf
The fame and glory; glory, the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected Spirits, moſt temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the ſon
Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere theſe
Won *Aſia*, and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his diſpoſe; young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more enflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For Empire's ſake, nor Empire to affect
For glory's ſake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of Fame;
The Peoples praiſe, if always praiſe unmixt?
And what the People but a herd confus'd,

A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd ſcarce worth the praiſe?
They praiſe and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by ſuch extol'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be deſpis'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe
Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth
(As thou to thy reproach mayſt well remember)
He ask'd thee, haſt thou ſeen my ſervant *Job*?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to ſubdue
By Conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great Battles win,
Great Cities by aſſault. What do theſe Worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin whereſo'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy;
Then ſwell with Pride, and muſt be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhip'd with Temple, Prieſt and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,

Till

Till Conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward?
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,

Or

Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable t'ev'ry soul
Freely; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning what would likeliest render
Contempt in stead, dishonour, obloquy?
Hard recompence, unsutable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God: and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all:
Yet of another Plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, ſaid he, ſo deem,
Worth or not worth their ſeeking, let it paſs:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy Father *David*'s Throne,
By Mother's ſide thy Father; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms.
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate ſway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill, or thus retiring?
So did not *Machabæus*: he indeed
Retir'd unto the Deſart, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty King ſo oft prevail'd,
That by ſtrong hand his Family obtain'd,
Tho Prieſts, the Crown, and *David*'s Throne uſurp'd,
With *Modin* and her ſuburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not ſlow,
But on Occaſion's forelock watchful wait:
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt;
Zeal of thy Father's houſe, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fulfil, beſt verifie
The Prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs reign,
The happier reign the ſooner it begins:
Reign then; what canſt thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd.
All things are beſt fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? Who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt
Well hath obey'd; juſt trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting Kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime: whatever, for it ſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd; whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,

From

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,
Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy Father *David*'s Throne,
By Mother's side thy Father; though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms.
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
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With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
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Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
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Retir'd unto the Desart, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his Family obtain'd,
Tho Priests, the Crown, and *David*'s Throne usurp'd,
With *Modin* and her suburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best;
Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen servitude;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
The happier reign the sooner it begins:
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
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My crime: whatever, for it ſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd; whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,

From

From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,
Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell)
A ſhelter, and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thyſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be their King?
Perhaps thou lingreſt, in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprize ſo hazardous and high:
No wonder; for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider,
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
And once a-year *Jeruſalem*, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou obſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt in ſight
In all things that to greateſt Actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modeſty,
(As he who ſeeking Aſſes found a Kingdom)
Irreſolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou ſoon ſhalt quit
Thoſe rudiments, and ſee before thine eyes
The Monarchies of th'Earth, their pomp and ſtate,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy ſelf ſo apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Myſteries, that thou may'ſt know
How beſt their oppoſition to withſtand.

With

With that (ſuch pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain, at whoſe verdant feet
A ſpacious plain, out-ſtretch'd in circuit wide,
Lay pleaſant; from his ſide two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th'other ſtraight, and left between
Fair Champain with leſs rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea;
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,
With herds the paſtures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge Cities and high tower'd, that well might ſeem
The ſeats of mightieſt Monarchs, and ſo large
The Proſpect was, that here and there was room
For barren deſart fountainleſs and dry.
To this high mountain's top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caſpian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* Eaſt, *Euphrates* Weſt,
And oft beyond; to South the *Perſian* Bay,
And inacceſſible th'*Arabian* drought:
Here *Nineveh*, of length within her wall
Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that firſt golden Monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of *Salmanaſſar*, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David*'s houſe
Led captive, and *Jeruſalem* laid waſte,

Till

Till *Cyrus* ſet them free; *Perſepolis*,
His City, there thou ſeeſt, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates;
There *Suſa* by *Choaſpes*, amber ſtream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian* or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Cteſiphon*,
Turning with eaſie eye thou mayſt behold.
All theſe the *Parthian*, now ſome Ages paſt,
By great *Arſaces* led, who founded firſt
That Empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And juſt in time thou com'ſt to have a view
Of his great Pow'r; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Cteſiphon* hath gather'd all his Hoſt
Againſt the *Scythian*, whoſe Incurſions wild
Have waſted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in haſte; ſee, though from far,
His thouſands, in what Martial-equipage
They iſſue forth! ſteel bows, and ſhafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in purſuit;
All Horſemen, in which fight they moſt excel:
See how in warlike Muſter they appear,
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings!

He lookt and ſaw what numbers numberleſs
The City-gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride;
In Mail their horſes clad, yet fleet and ſtrong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Arachoſia*, from *Gandaor* Eaſt,
And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs

Of

Of *Caucaſus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Suſiana*, to *Balſara*'s haven.
He ſaw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhow'r againſt the face
Of their purſuers, and overcame by flight.
The field, all Iron, caſt a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuiraſſiers all in ſteel for ſtanding fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorſt with Tow'rs
Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers,
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was, raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a Camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
Beſieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell,
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
The faireſt of her Sex *Angelica*,
His daughter, ſought by many proweſt Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemaine*.
Such and ſo numerous was their Chivalry;
At ſight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and ſhewn
All this fair ſight: thy Kingdom though foretold,

By

By Prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means;
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But ſay thou wert poſſeſs'd of *David*'s Throne
By free conſent of all, none oppoſite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'ſt thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and ſecure,
Between two ſuch encloſing enemies,
Roman, and *Parthian*? therefore one of theſe
Thou muſt make ſure thy own, the *Parthian* firſt,
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invaſion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it ſhall be my task
To render thee the *Parthian* at diſpoſe;
Chuſe which thou wilt by conqueſt or by league.
By him thou ſhalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinſtal thee
In *David*'s royal Seat, his true Succeſſor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, thoſe ten Tribes
Whoſe off-ſpring in his Territory yet ſerve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* diſpers'd.
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joſeph*, loſt
Thus long from *Iſrael*; ſerving, as of old
Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Thone of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates*, and beyond
Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæſar* not need fear.

To

To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd.
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragile arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou'ſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plauſible to the World, to me worth naught.
Means I muſt uſe thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better fartheſt off) is not yet come;
When that comes, think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politick maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of War there ſhewn me, argument
Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My Brethren, as thou call'ſt them, thoſe ten Tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter ſway
To juſt extent over all *Iſrael's* Sons.
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Iſrael*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his Tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring *Iſrael*, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand *Iſraelites*
By three days Peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To *Iſrael* then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive Tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Aſhtaroth*;
And all th'Idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;

Nor

Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves, or penitent beſought
The God of their Fore-fathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce
From Gentiles, but by Circumciſion vain,
And God with Idols in their Worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong wou'd follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by ſome wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th'*Aſſyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte;
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So ſpake *Iſrael*'s true King; and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſhood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the perſuaſive Rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay loſt; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who ſelf-deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,
To ſave his credit, and for very ſpight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage-time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet muſt is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th' aſſault renew,

Vain

Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever, and to ſhameful ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues.
He brought our Saviour to the weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th'earth and ſeats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an Imperial City ſtood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate
On ſev'n ſmall Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the height of Mountains interpos'd.
By what ſtrange Parallax or Optick skill
Of Viſion multiply'd through air, or Glaſs
Of Teleſcope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.

The City which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enricht
Of Nations: there the Capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable; and there Mount *Palatine*
Th' Imperial Palace, compaſs huge and high
The Structure, skill of nobleſt Architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,

Turrets

Turrets and Terraſſes, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of Gods, (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My airy Microſcope) thou may'ſt behold
Outſide and inſide both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the Gates caſt round thine eye, and ſee
What conflux iſſuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconſuls to their Provinces
Haſting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the enſigns of their pow'r,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horſe, and wings:
Or Embaſſies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on th'*Emilian*; ſome from fartheſt South,
Syene, and where the ſhadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Iſle, and more to Weſt,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea:
From th'*Aſian* Kings and *Parthian* among theſe,
From *India* and the golden *Cherſoneſs*,
And utmoſt *Indian* Iſle *Taprobane*,
Duſk faces with white ſilken Turbants wreath'd;
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *Britiſh* Weſt,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
To *Rome*'s great Emperor, whoſe wide domain
In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
And long Renown, thou juſtly may'ſt prefer
Before the *Parthian*; theſe two Thrones except,
The reſt are barb'rous, and ſcarce worth the ſight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd:
Theſe having ſhewn thee, I have ſhewn thee all

The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
This Emp'ror hath no Son, and now is old,
Old and laſcivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
To *Caprea*, an Iſland ſmall but ſtrong
On the *Campanian* ſhore, with purpoſe there
His horrid luſts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him ſuſpicious,
Hated of all, and hating: With what eaſe,
Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Might'ſt thou expel this Monſter from his Throne,
Now made a ſtye, and in his place aſcending,
A victor people free from ſervile yoke?
And with my help thou may'ſt; to me the pow'r
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the higheſt; without the higheſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long
On *David*'s Throne, be propheſy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtick ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Crete*, and how they quaff in Gold,
Cryſtal and Myrrhine cups imboſs'd with Gems
And ſtuds of Pearl, to me ſhou'dſt tell, who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then Embaſſies thou ſhew'ſt
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,

But

But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th'Emperor, how eaſily ſubdu'd,
How glorioufly; I ſhall, thou ſay'ſt, expel
A brutiſh monſter: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who firſt made him ſuch?
Let his tormenter Conſcience find him out;
For him I was not ſent, nor yet to free
That People, victor once, now vile and baſe,
Deſervedly made vaſſal; who once juſt,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling their Provinces, exhauſted all
By luſt and rapine; firſt ambitious grown
Of triumph, that inſulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their ſports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beaſts, and men to beaſts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier ſtill,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wiſe and valiant Man would ſeek to free
Theſe thus degen'rate, by themſelves enſlav'd,
Or could of inward ſlaves make outward free?
Know therefore, when my ſeaſon comes to ſit
On *David*'s Throne, it ſhall be like a Tree,
Spreading and overſhad'wing all the Earth,
Or as a Stone that ſhall to pieces daſh
All Monarchies beſides throughout the World;
And of my Kingdom there ſhall be no end:
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:
I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valu'ſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:

Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict.
On th'other ſide, know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
(For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle;) yet with this reſerve, not elſe
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior Lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me:
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?

Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition:
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou haſt permiſſion on me. It is written,
The firſt of all Commandments, Thou ſhalt worſhip
The Lord thy God, and only him ſhalt ſerve;
And dar'ſt thou to the Son of God propound
To worſhip thee accurſt, now more accurſt
For this attempt, bolder than that on *Eve*,
And more blaſphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee uſurp'd;
Other donation none thou canſt produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is loſt
Long ſince. Wert thou ſo void of fear or ſhame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,

To

To me my own, on ſuch abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worſhip thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'ſt
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend, with fear abaſht, reply'd:
Be not ſo ſore offended, Son of God,
(Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men)
If I to try whether in higher ſort
Than theſe thou bear'ſt that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations beſides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art whoſe coming is foretold
To me ſo fatal, me it moſt concerns.
The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;
Me nought advantag'd, miſſing what I aim'd.
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more
Adviſe thee, gain them as thou canſt, or not.
And thou thy ſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd
Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound diſpute;
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When ſlipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'ſt
Alone into the Temple; there waſt found
Among the graveſt Rabbies, diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting *Moſes'* Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man,
As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom; as thy Empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:

All knowledge is not couch'd in *Moſes'* Law,
The *Pentateuch*, or what the Prophets wrote;
The *Gentiles* alſo know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the *Gentiles* much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſuaſion, as thou mean'ſt;
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Their Idoliſms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.
Look once more ere we leave this ſpecular Mount
Weſtward, much nearer by South-weſt, behold
Where on th' *Ægean* ſhore a City ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hoſpitable; in her ſweet receſs,
City or Suburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades:
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the ſummer long;
There flow'ry hill *Hymettus*, with the ſound
Of Bees induſtrious murmur, oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there *Iliſſus* rolls
His whiſp'ring ſtream. Within the walls then view
The Schools of ancient Sages; his, who bred
Great *Alexander* to ſubdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret pow'r
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian Charms and *Dorian Lyric* Odes;
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind *Meleſigenes*, thence *Homer* call'd,

Whoſe

Whoſe Poem *Phœbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambic*, teachers beſt
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
In brief ſententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook th' Arſenal, and fulmin'd over *Greece*
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes'* Throne.
To ſage Philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of *Socrates*; ſee there his Tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſu'd forth
Mellifluous ſtreams, that water'd all the Schools
Of Academies old and new; with thoſe
Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* ſevere.
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy ſelf, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.
Think not, but that I know theſe things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other Doctrine needs, though granted true;
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd

To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and ſmooth conceits;
A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſenſe;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue joyn'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleaſure he, and careleſs eaſe:
The Stoic laſt in Philoſophick pride,
By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
Wiſe, perfect in himſelf, and all poſſeſſing
Equal to God, oft ſhames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleaſure, pain or torment, death and life;
Which when he liſts, he leaves, or boaſts he can:
For all his tedious talk is but vain boaſt,
Or ſubtle ſhifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not miſ-lead;
Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not; or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets
An empty cloud. However many books,
Wiſe men have ſaid, are weariſom; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and jndgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elſewhere ſeek)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains,
Deep verſt in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And

And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſpunge;
As Children gath'ring pebbles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Muſick or with Poem, where ſo ſoon
As in our native Language can I find
That ſolace? All our Law and Story ſtrew'd
With Hymns, our Pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps, in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd ſo well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us theſe arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song; ſo perſonating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove their ſwelling Epithets, thick laid
As varniſh on a Harlot's cheek; the reſt,
Thin ſown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion*'s ſongs, to all true taſtes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints:
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee;
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of Nature, not in all quite loſt.
Their Orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of Eloquence; Statiſts indeed,
And lovers of their Country, as may ſeem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of civil Government,
In their Majeſtic unaffected ſtyle,
Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it ſo;
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat:
Theſe only with our Law beſt form a King.

So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs (for all his darts were ſpent)
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleaſes thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What doſt thou in this world? the Wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee: yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which wou'd have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe
On *David*'s Throne, or Throne of all the world;
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon
When Prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or ſingle Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death:
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric, I diſcern not,
Nor when; eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric ſet.

So ſaying he took, (for ſtill he knew his Pow'r
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,

Feig ning

Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in lowring night,
Her ſhad'wy off-ſpring, unſubſtantial both,
Privation meer of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind,
After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd ſore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his reſt,
Wherever under ſome concourſe of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms thick intertwin'd might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſhelter'd head;
But ſhelter'd ſlept in vain; for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Diſturb'd his ſleep: and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor ſlept the winds
Within their ſtony caves, but ruſh'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderneſs, whoſe talleſt Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and ſturdieſt Oaks
Bow'd their ſtiff necks, loaden with ſtormy blaſts
Or torn up ſheer: ill waſt thou ſhrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only ſtoodſt
Unſhaken: nor yet ſtaid the terror there;
Infernal Ghoſts, and Helliſh Furies, round
Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'ſt unappal'd in calm and ſinleſs Peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim ſteps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn.
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The Prince of darkneſs; glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpight to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the North and Weſt by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he ſtarts in wonted ſhape,
And in a careleſs mood thus to him ſaid.

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a diſmal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my ſelf
Was diſtant; and theſe flaws, though mortals fear them,
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n,
Or to the Earth's dark baſis underneath,
Are to the main as inconſiderable,
And harmleſs, if not wholeſom, as a ſneeze
To man's leſs univerſe, and ſoon are gone:
Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light
On man, beaſt, plant, waſtful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whoſe heads they roar, and ſeem to point,
They oft fore-ſignifie, and threaten ill.
This Tempeſt at this Deſart moſt was bent;

Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ſt.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didſt reject
The perfect ſeaſon offer'd with my aid
To win thy deſtin'd ſeat, but wilt prolong
All to the puſh of Fate? purſue thy way
Of gaining *David*'s Throne no man knows when,
(For both the when and how is no where told)
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
Ere thou of *Iſrael*'s Scepter get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee as a ſure fore-going ſign.

So talk'd he; while the Son of God went on
And ſtaid not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.

Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threatning nigh: what they can do as ſigns
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At leaſt might ſeem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious ſpirit, and woud'ſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Me to thy will; deſiſt (thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain) nor me in vain moleſt.

To whom the Fiend now ſwoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born,
(For Son of God to me is yet in doubt)
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the firſt I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born:
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan*, whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower ſcrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no ſingle ſenſe:
The Son of God I alſo am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation ſtands:
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In ſome reſpect far higher ſo declar'd.
Therefore I watch'd thy footſteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee ſtill on to this waſte wild;
Where by all beſt conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reaſon then, if I before-hand ſeek
To underſtand my Adverſary, who
And what he is; his wiſdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or compoſition, truce or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
An opportunity I here have had
To try thee, ſift thee; and confeſs have found thee

Proof againſt all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm,
To th' utmoſt of mere man both wiſe and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again.
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
Another method I muſt now begin.

So ſaying, he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif*, bore through the Air ſublime
Over the Wilderneſs and o'er the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jeruſalem*,
The holy City, lifted high her Tow'rs,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaſter, topt with Golden Spires:
There on the higheſt Pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God; and added thus in ſcorn.

There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac'd; higheſt is beſt.
Now ſhew thy Progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thy ſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They ſhall uplift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.

To whom thus Jeſus: Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he ſaid and ſtood.
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell.
As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in *Iraſſa* ſtrove

With

With *Jove's Alcides*, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother Earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' Air expir'd and fell:
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* monſter that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who ſolv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpight
Caſt her ſelf headlong from th' *Iſmenian* ſteep;
So ſtrook with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs Triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtraight a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſie ſtation, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air;
Then in a flow'ry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpred
A table of Celeſtial Food, Divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the fount of Life Ambroſial drink,
That ſoon refreſh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt; and as he fed, Angelic Choirs
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the tempter proud.

True Image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the boſom of bliſs, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enſhrin'd

In

In fleſhly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderneſs, whatever place,
Habit or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Againſt th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradiſe; him long of old
Thou didſt debel, and down from Heaven caſt
With all his Army; now thou haſt aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradiſe;
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke.
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For *Adam* and his choſen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtal,
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be,
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star,
Or Lightning, thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound,
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph: in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with aw
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chaſe thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy Legions; yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail Son of the moſt High, heir of both Worlds,

Queller

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feaſt refreſht
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his Mother's houſe private return'd.

THE END.

Samſon Agoniſtes;

A

Dramatick Poem.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Ariſtot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragœdia eſt imitatio actionis ſeriæ, *&c.* per miſericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum luſtrationem.

Of that ſort of Dramatick Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the graveſt, moralleſt, and moſt profitable of all other Poems: therefore ſaid by *Ariſtotle* to be of power, by raiſing pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like Paſſions, that is, to temper, and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirr'd up by reading or ſeeing thoſe Paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion; for ſo in Phyſick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd againſt Melancholy, ſour againſt ſour, ſalt to remove ſalt Humours. Hence Philoſophers, and other graveſt Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The Apoſtle St. *Paul* himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts, diſtinguiſh'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings, and Song between.

between. Heretofore Men in higheſt dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compoſe a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionyſius* the elder was no leſs ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Auguſtus Cæſar* alſo had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to pleaſe his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfiniſh'd. *Seneca* the Philoſopher is by ſome thought the Author of thoſe Tragedies (at leaſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity of his Perſon to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd, *Chriſt ſuffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poet's error of intermixing Comick ſtuff with Tragick ſadneſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar Perſons, which by all judicious hath been counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy uſe no Prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epiſtle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much before-hand may be Epiſtl'd; That *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the *Greek* manner, not ancient only but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reaſon, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The meaſure of Verſe us'd in the Chorus is of all ſorts,

call'd

call'd by the *Greeks Monoſtrophick*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe*, or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanzas fram'd only for the Muſick, then us'd with the Chorus that ſung; not eſſential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanzas or Pauſes, they may be call'd *Allæoſtropha*. Diviſion into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage, (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act. Of the ſtyle and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, (which is nothing indeed but ſuch œconomy, or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum) they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumſcription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of 24 hours.

The Argument.

SAmſon *made Captive, Blind, and now in the Priſon at* Gaza, *there to labour as in a common work-houſe; on a Feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, ſomewhat retir'd, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father* Manoa, *who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; and laſtly, that this Feaſt was proclaim'd by the* Philiſtines *as a day of Thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of* Samſon, *which yet more troubles him.* Manoa *then departs to proſecute his endeavour with the* Philiſtian *Lords for* Samſon's *redemption; who in the mean while is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feaſt before the Lords and People, to play or ſhew his ſtrength in their preſence: he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the publick Officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time*

time with great threatnings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa *returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating to him the Catastrophe, what* Samson *had done to the* Philistines, *and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

The Perſons.

Samſon.

Manoa, *The Father of* Samſon.

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of* Gath.

Publick Officer.

Meſſenger.

Chorus *of* Danites.

The Scene before the Priſon in Gaza.

Samſon Agoniſtes.

Amſ. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or ſhade:
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of ſervile toil,
Daily in the common Priſon elſe enjoin'd me;
Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The Air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn Feaſt the people hold
To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this reſt
Their Superſtition yields me: hence with leave
Retiring from the pop'lar noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented Place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
Of hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent

Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel; who at laſt in ſight
Of both my Parents all in flames aſcended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham*'s race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd,
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task,
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bondſlave! Promiſe was that I
Should *Iſrael* from *Philiſtian* yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in *Gaza* at the Mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under *Philiſtian* yoke.
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but my ſelf;
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the Seal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a Woman muſt reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears?
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom? vaſt, unwieldy, burthenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,

But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command.
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhew withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But Peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will
Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among Enemies! O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit Age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me:
They creep, yet ſee; I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark,
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since Light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life it ſelf, if it be true

That light is in the Soul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th'eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſie to be quench'd;
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That ſhe might look at will through ev'ry pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkneſs yet in light;
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
My ſelf, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave!
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miſeries of Life,
Life in captivity
Among inhumane foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps t' inſult;
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
As one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd:
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That Heroick, that Renown'd,

Irreſiſtible

Irreſiſtible *Samſon*; whom unarm'd [ſtand;
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could with-
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,
And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made Arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuiraſs,
Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean Proof?
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Aſcalonite*
Fled from his Lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The Jaw of a dead Aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of *Paleſtin*,
In *Ramath-lechi*, famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The Gates of *Azza*, Poſt, and maſſie Bar,
Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, ſeat of Giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail,
Thy Bondage or loſt Sight,
Priſon within Priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The Dungeon of thy ſelf; thy Soul [plain'd)
(Which Men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe com-
Impriſon'd now indeed,
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light

T' incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate,
Whom long deſcent of birth,
Or the ſphere of fortune raiſes;
But thee, whoſe ſtrength, while Virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdu'd the Earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

Samſ. I hear the ſound of words; their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed, ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He ſpake: let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,
The glory late of *Iſrael*, now the grief,
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From *Eſhtaol* and *Zora*'s fruitful Vale
To viſit or bewail thee; or, if better
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores: apt words have pow'r to ſwage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to feſter'd wounds.

Samſ. Your coming, Friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are. who friends
Bear in their Superſcription; (of the moſt
I wou'd be underſtood;) in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head,

Not

Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs; for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh Pilot have ſhipwreck'd
My Veſſel, truſted to me from above,
Gloriouſly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman? tell me, Friends,
Am I not ſung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry ſtreet? do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean:
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd;
Theſe two, proportion'd ill, drove me tranſverſe.

Chor. Tax not divine diſpoſal: wiſeſt men
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thy ſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides.
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhouldſt wed *Philiſtian* Woman rather
Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair;
At leaſt of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samſ. The firſt I ſaw at *Timna*, and ſhe pleas'd
Me, not my Parents, that I ſought to wed
The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not
That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulſe, and therefore urg'd
The marriage on; that by occaſion hence
I might begin *Iſrael*'s Deliverance,

The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving falſe, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wiſh too late!)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
That ſpecious Monſter, my accompliſht ſnare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the ſame end; ſtill watching to oppreſs
Iſrael's Oppreſſors: of what now I ſuffer
She was not the prime cauſe, but I my ſelf,
Who, vanquiſh'd with a peal of words, (O weakneſs!)
Gave up my fort of ſilence to a Woman.

Chor. In ſeeking juſt occaſion to provoke
The *Philiſtin*, thy Country's Enemy,
Thou never waſt remiſs, I bear thee witneſs:
Yet *Iſrael* ſtill ſerves with all his Sons.

Samſ. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On *Iſrael*'s Governors, and Heads of Tribes;
Who, ſeeing thoſe great acts which God had done
Singly by me againſt their Conquerors,
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all conſider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other ſide
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds; [doer.
The deeds themſelves, though mute, ſpoke loud the
But they perſiſted deaf, and would not ſeem
To count them things worth notice; till at length
Their Lords the *Philiſtins* with gather'd pow'rs
Enter'd *Judea* ſeeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-caſting in what place
To ſet upon them what advantag'd beſt.
Mean while the men of *Judah*, to prevent
The harraſs of their Land, beſet me round;
I willingly on ſome conditions came

Into

Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
Toucht with the flame: on their whole Hoſt I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choiceſt youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this poſſeſs'd the tow'rs of *Gath*,
And lorded over them whom now they ſerve:
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to ſervitude,
Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
Bondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous Liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrancbr ing
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs *Gideon*, in purſuit
Of *Madian* and her vanquiſht Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear,
Defended *Iſrael* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his Proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battle, when ſo many dy'd,
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Samſ. Of ſuch examples add me to the roll;
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.

Chor.

Chor. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to Men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all;
If any be, they walk obſcure:
For of ſuch Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himſelf.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts found contradicting;
Then give the reins to wandring thought,
Regardleſs of his Glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t'extempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From National obſtriction, without taint
Of ſin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can beſt diſpenſe.

He would not elſe, who never wanted means,
Nor in reſpect of th' enemy juſt cauſe
To ſet his People free,
Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
Againſt his vow of ſtricteſt purity,
To ſeek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaſte.

Down

Down Reaſon then, at leaſt vain reaſonings down,
Though Reaſon here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaſte was ſubſequent, her ſtain not his.

But ſee! here comes thy rev'rend Sire
With careful ſtep, Locks white as down,
Old *Manoa*: adviſe
Forthwith how thou ought'ſt to receive him.

Samſ. Ah me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' aſſault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, (for ſuch ye ſeem,
Though in this uncouth place;) if old reſpect,
As I ſuppoſe, tow'rd your once glory'd friend,
My Son, now Captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age,
Came lagging after; ſay, if he be here.

Chor. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,
As erſt in higheſt; behold him where he lies.

Man. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible *Samſon*, far renown'd,
The dread of *Iſrael*'s foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None off'ring fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an Army; now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length? O ever-failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good

Pray'd

Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
Such a Son, as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt
Our earneſt Pray'rs, then giv'n with ſolemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th'Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Enſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy Foes deriſion, Captive, Poor and Blind,
Into a Dungeon thruſt, to work with Slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's ſake of former deeds.

Samſ. Appoint not heav'nly diſpoſition, Father;
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly: I my ſelf have brought them on,
Sole Author, I, ſole cauſe: if aught ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The myſtery of God, giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A *Canaanite*, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpriz'd,
But warn'd by oft experience; did not ſhe
Of *Timna* firſt betray me, and reveal
The ſecret wreſted from me in her height

Of

Of Nuptial love profeſt, carrying it ſtreight
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who alſo in her prime of love,
Spouſal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the ſcent conceiv'd
Her ſpurious firſt-born, Treaſon againſt me?
Thrice ſhe aſſay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and ſighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital ſecret, in what part my ſtrength
Lay ſtor'd, in what part ſumm'd, that ſhe might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to ſport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worſe
Than undiſſembled hate) with what contempt
She thought to make me Traitor to my ſelf;
Yet the fourth time, when muſtring all her wiles,
With blandiſht parleys, feminine aſſaults,
Tongue-batteries, ſhe ſurceas'd not day nor night
To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart;
Who, with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd,
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity! O blot
To Honour and Religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n,
Theſe rags, this grinding, is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degen'rately I ſerv'd.

Man.

Man. I cannot praiſe thy Marriage-choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our Foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure, our Foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms
To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains:
This day the *Philiſtins* a pop'lar Feaſt
Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praiſes loud
To *Dagon*, as their God, who hath deliver'd
Thee, *Samſon*, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So *Dagon* ſhall be magnify'd, and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Diſglorify'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn
By the Idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame, that ever
Could have befall'n thee, and thy Father's houſe.

Samſ. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praiſes high
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought

Diſ-

Diſhonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of Idoliſts, and Atheiſts; have brought ſcandal
To *Iſrael*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts propenſe enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, ſhame and ſorrow,
The anguiſh of my Soul, that ſuffers not
Mine eye to harbour ſleep, or thoughts to reſt.
This only hope relieves me, that the ſtrife
With me hath end; all the conteſt is now
'Twixt God and *Dagon*: *Dagon* hath preſum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter liſts with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be ſure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd;
But will ariſe and his great name aſſert:
Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted Trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his Worſhippers.

Man. With cauſe this hope relieves thee, and theſe words
I as a Prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his Name
Againſt all competition; nor will long
Endure it doubtful, whether God be Lord,
Or *Dagon*. But for thee what ſhall be done?
Thou muſt not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miſerable loathſom plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To ſome *Philiſtian* Lords, with whom to treat
About thy ranſom: well they may by this
Have ſatisfy'd their utmoſt of revenge

By

By pains and ſlav'ries, worſe than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canſt do them harm.

Samſ. Spare that propoſal, Father, ſpare the trouble
Of that ſollicitation; let me here,
As I deſerve, pay on my puniſhment;
And expiate, if poſſible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the ſecrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deſerving
Contempt and ſcorn of all, to be excluded
All friendſhip, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool ſet on his front? But I
God's counſel have not kept, his holy ſecret
Preſumptuouſly have publiſh'd, impiouſly,
Weakly at leaſt, and ſhamefully: A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn,
To their abyſs and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
Repent the ſin, but if the puniſhment
Thou canſt avoid, ſelf-preſervation bids:
Or th' execution leave to high diſpoſal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy ſelf. Perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
(Beſt pleas'd with humble and filial ſubmiſſion)
Him, who imploring mercy ſues for life,
Than who ſelf-rigorous chuſes death as due;
Which argues over-juſt, and ſelf-diſpleas'd
For ſelf-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
But God hath ſet before us, to return thee

Home

Home to thy Country and his ſacred Houſe,
Where thou may'ſt bring thy off'rings, to avert
His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

Samſ. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God,
I walk'd about, admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine, who ſhore me,
Like a tame Wether, all my precious fleece;
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shav'n and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldſt repreſs; nor did the dancing Ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour of the ſmell,
Or taſte, that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men,
Allure thee from the cool Cryſtalline ſtream.

Samſ. Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the Eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of Heav'ns fiery rod,

I drank; from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſht; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, ſtrong above compare;
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook!

Samſ. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat
Againſt another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the Foe,
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſheartn'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd?
But to ſit idle on the Houſhold-hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to viſitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object; theſe redundant locks
Robuſtious to no purpoſe cluſtring down,
Vain monument of ſtrength: till length of years
And ſedentary numbneſs craze my limbs,
To a contemptible old Age obſcure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of ſervile food
Conſume me, and oft invocated death
Haſten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then ſerve *Philiſtians* with that gift
Which was expreſly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unimploy'd, with age out-worn.
But God, who caus'd a Fountain at thy Pray'r

From

From the dry ground to ſpring, thy thirſt t' allay
After the brunt of Battel, can as eaſie
Cauſe light again within thy eyes to ſpring,
Wherewith to ſerve him better than thou haſt:
And I perſuade me ſo; why elſe this ſtrength
Mirac'lous yet remaining in thoſe locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

Samſ. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend;
That theſe dark Orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of her ſelf;
My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.

Man. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions, which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind, and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a Father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſom, or how elſe: mean while be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.

Samſ. O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt, and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind;
There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,

As on entrails, joints and limbs,
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe !

My griefs not only pain me,
As a lingring diſeaſe,
But finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangreen,
To black mortification.
Thoughts, my Tormenters arm'd with deadly ſtings,
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſuage,
Nor breath of vernal Air from ſnowy *Alp*.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming Opium, as my only cure;
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'ns deſertion.

I was his nurſling once, and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by Heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Againſt the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs, with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.
This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life:
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought.
But to th'afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above;
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting Spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers! what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute!
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remembred;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,

To

To ſome great work, thy glory,
And peoples ſafety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon,
Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.

Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them high;
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion;
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of heathen and prophane, their carcaſſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd;
Or to th'unjuſt tribunals under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſeleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days; in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy ſtrength and mighty Miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in his ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,

That ſo bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing,
Like a ſtately Ship
Of *Tarſus*, bound for th' Iſles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
An Amber ſcent of odorous perfume,
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich *Philiſtian* Matron ſhe may ſeem:
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samſ. My Wife! my Trait'reſs! let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee fix'd
About t'have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,
And words addreſs'd ſeem tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her ſilken veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, *Samſon*,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,
If aught in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe

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If aught in my ability may ſerve
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe

Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r;
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe
My raſh, but more unfortunate miſdeed.

Samſ. Out, out, *Hyæna*; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed skill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd,
With goodneſs princip'l'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Entangl'd with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off,
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samſon*; not that I endeavour
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th' other ſide if it be weigh'd
By it ſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,
I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find
The eaſier tow'rds me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them; both common female faults:

Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhew'dſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not;
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thy ſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parl,
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thy ſelf was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'ſt Hate,
The jealouſie of Love, powerful of ſway,
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou would'ſt leave me
As her at *Timna*; ſought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my pow'r
Thy key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold.
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed:
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philiſtins*,
Whole to my ſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in Love's law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps;

And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel:
If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

Samſ. How cunningly the Sorcereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th' example;
I led the way: bitter reproach, but true.
I to my ſelf was falſe, ere thou to me:
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd. Weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it; weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
Inceſtuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But Love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfie thy luſt: Love ſeeks t' have Love;
My Love how coud'ſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
For by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

Dal. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning;
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,

What

What ſieges girt me round, ere I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of Men,
The conſtanteſt, t' have yielded without blame.
It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the Magiſtrates
And Princes of my Country came in perſon,
Sollicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the Bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, preſs'd how juſt it was,
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such numbers of our Nation: and the Prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to enſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
T'oppoſe againſt ſuch powerful Arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate;
And combated in ſilence all their reaſons
With hard conteſt. At length that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wiſeſt men, that to the publick good
Private reſpects muſt yield, with grave authority
Took full poſſeſſion of me, and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, Truth, Duty ſo enjoining.

Samſ. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd Religion, ſmooth hypocriſie.
But had thy love, ſtill odiouſly pretended,
Been, as it ought, ſincere, it wou'd have taught thee
Far other reaſonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation choſe thee from among
My enemies; lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'ſt,
Too well, unboſom'd all my ſecrets to thee,

Not out of levity, but over-pow'r'd
By thy requeſt, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didſt thou at firſt receive me for thy Husband?
Then, as ſince then, thy country's foe profeſt?
Being once a Wife, for me thou waſt to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their ſubject,
Nor under their protection but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught againſt my life
Thy Country ſought of thee, it ſought unjuſtly,
Againſt the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conſpiring to uphold their ſtate
By worſe than hoſtile deeds, violating the ends
For which our Country is a name ſo dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To pleaſe thy Gods thou didſt it; Gods unable
T' acquit themſelves and proſecute their Foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own Deity: Gods they cannot be;
Leſs therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
Theſe falſe pretexts and varniſh'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul muſt thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
Goes by the worſe, whatever be her cauſe.

Samſ. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witneſs when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too raſh, and quite miſtaken
In what I thought would have ſucceeded beſt.
Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, *Samſon*,
Afford me place to ſhew what recompence
Towards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,

Miſ-

Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
T' afflict thy ſelf in vain: tho ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights,
At home in leiſure and domeſtick eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſome priſon-houſe, t' abide
With me; where my redoubl'd love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful chear'd, and ſo ſupply'd,
That what by me thou haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

Samſ. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain;
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurſt
To bring my feet again into the ſnare
Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
Tho dearly to my coſt, thy ginns, and toils:
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;
So much of Adder's wiſdom I have learnt
To fence my ear againſt thy Sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'ſt hate me
Thy Husband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forego me;
How would'ſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd,
And laſt neglected? How would'ſt thou inſult,
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will

In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords,
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the House of Liberty
To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samf. Not for thy life; lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewel.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,

With

With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falſhood moſt unconjugal traduc'd:
But in my country where I moſt deſire,
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Aſdod*, and in *Gath*
I ſhall be nam'd among the famouſeſt
Of Women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to ſave
Her country from a fierce deſtroyer, choſe
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours viſited and annual flow'rs;
Not leſs renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhoſpitable guile
Smote *Siſera* ſleeping through the Temples nail'd.
Nor ſhall I count it heinous to enjoy
The publick marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd t'have ſhewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifeſt Serpent by her ſting
Diſcover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samſ. So let her go; God ſent her to debaſe me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecrecy, my ſafety and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange
After offence returning, to regain (pow'r,
Love once poſſeſt; nor can be eaſily
Repulſt, without much inward paſſion felt,
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

Samſ. Love-quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comelineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samſon*, in one day
Or ſeven, though one ſhould muſing ſit:

If any of theſe or all, the *Timnian* Bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy Paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd,
Succeſſor in thy Bed,
Nor both ſo looſly diſally'd
Their Nuptials, nor this laſt ſo treacherouſly
Had ſhorn the fatal Harveſt of thy Head.
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſte unfiniſh'd, judgment ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftеſt to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of ſelf-love mixt,
Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt Men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heav'nly under virgin Veil,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure;
Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a Thorn
Inteſtine, war within defenſive arms,

A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
Adverſe and turbulent; or by her charms
Draws him awry, enſlav'd
With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck,
Embark'd with ſuch a Steers-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtick good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines, and moſt is acceptable above.

Therefore God's univerſal Law
Gave to the Man deſpotick power
Over his Female in due awe,
Not from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lower:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But we had beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm.

Samſ. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.

Samſ. Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.

Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
Haughty, as is a pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture, than when firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samſ. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samſon*, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
Men call me *Harapha*, of ſtock renown'd,
As *Og* or *Anak*, and the *Emims* old
That *Kiriathaim* held; thou knowſt me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or liſted field:
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.

Samſ. The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.

Har. Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the Field, where thou art fam'd
T' have wrought ſuch wonders with an Aſs's Jaw;
I ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon with other arms,

Or left thy carcaſs where the Aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory of Proweſs been recover'd
To *Paleſtine*, won by a *Philiſtin*
From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant Acts; that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samſ. Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done, but do
What then thou wouldſt; thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I diſdain;
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.

Samſ. Such uſage as your honourable Lords
Afford me, aſſaſſinated and betray'd;
Who durſt not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber Ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attaque me, no, not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage-Faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where ſight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on mé;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of braſs, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-braſs, and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
A Weaver's beam, and ſeven-times folded ſhield;
I only with an Oak'n ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long ſhall not with-hold me from thy head;
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thy ſelf at *Gath*, to boaſt

Again

Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To *Samſon*, but ſhalt never ſee *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms
Which greateſt Heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black enchantments, ſome Magician's Art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong; which thou from
Feign'ſt at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy Hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Sam. I know no Spells, uſe no forbidden Arts;
My truſt is in the living God, who gave me
At my Nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy God,
Go to his Temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe magick Spells,
Which I to be the power of *Iſrael*'s God
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the teſt,
Offring to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th' utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

Har. Preſume not on thy God; whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them

To

To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee
Into the common Priſon, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe; no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boyſt'rous locks, no worthy match
For Valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble Warriour, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the Barber's razor beſt ſubdu'd.

Samſ. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon,
Whoſe ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God,
Thine, or whom I with *Iſrael*'s Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Samſ. Tongue-doughty Giant, how doſt thou prove me [theſe?

Har. Is not thy Nation ſubject to our Lords?
Their Magiſtrates confeſt it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murther on thoſe thirty men
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm;
Then like a Robber ſtrip'dſt them of their robes?
The *Philiſtins*, when thou hadſt broke the league,

Went

Went up with armed pow'rs, thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.

Samſ. Among the Daughters of the *Philiſtins*
I choſe a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my nuptial Feaſt:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies;
Who threatning cruel death conſtrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my Underminers in their coin.
My Nation was ſubjected to your Lords:
It was the force of Conqueſt; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
But I a private perſon, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single Rebellion, and did hoſtile Acts:
I was no private perſon, but was rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country; if their ſervile minds
Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their Maſters gave me up for nought,
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not diſabl'd me, not all your force.
Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant,
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterpriſe of ſmall enforce.

Har:

Har. With thee, a Man condemn'd, a Slave enroll'd,
Due by the Law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samſ. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

Har. O *Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

Samſ. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

Har. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

Samſ. Go, baffl'd coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low;
Or ſwing thee in the Air, then daſh thee down
To th'hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

Har. By *Aſtaroth* ere long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries, in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt-fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultry chaſe.

Samſ. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Tho fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons,
All of Gigantick ſize, *Goliah* chief.

Chor.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Samſ. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not:
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest Foe will prove
My speediest Friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppreſt;
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannick pow'r, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth!
He all their Ammunition
And feats of War defeats,
With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their Armories and Magazines contemns,

Renders

Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked; who ſurpriz'd
Loſe their defence, diſtracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exerciſe
Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of theſe is in thy lot,
Samſon, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but ſight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with thoſe
Whom Patience finally muſt crown.
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of reſt,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind;
For I deſcry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
Comes on amain, ſpeed in his look;
By his habit I diſcern him now
A publick Officer, and now at hand;
His meſſage will be ſhort and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the Pris'ner *Samſon* here I ſeek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he ſits.

Off. Samſon, to thee our Lords thus bid me ſay;
This day to *Dagon* is a ſolemn Feaſt,

With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games:
Thy ſtrength they know ſurpaſſing human race,
And now ſome publick proof thereof require
To honour this great Feaſt, and great Aſſembly.
Riſe therefore with all ſpeed, and come along,
Where I will ſee thee heartn'd and freſh clad
T' appear as fits before th' illuſtrious Lords.

Samſ. Thou know'ſt I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell
Our Law forbids at their religious Rites [them
My preſence; for that cauſe I cannot come.

Off. This anſwer, be aſſur'd, will not content them.

Samſ. Have they not Sword-players, and every ſort
Of Gymnick Artiſts, Wreſtlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers,
But they muſt pick me out with ſhackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them ſport with blind activity?
Do they not ſeek occaſion of new quarrels
On my refuſal to diſtreſs me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'ſt, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy ſelf, this will offend them highly.

Samſ. My ſelf? my conſcience and internal peace.
Can they think me ſo broken, ſo debas'd
With corporal ſervitude, that my mind ever
Will condeſcend to ſuch abſurd commands,
Altho their drudge, to be their fool or jeſter;
And in my midſt of ſorrow and heart-grief
To ſhew them feats, and play before their god,

The worſt of all indignities, yet on me,
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My meſſage was impos'd on me with ſpeed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy reſolution?

Samſ. So take it with what ſpeed thy meſſage needs.

Off. I am ſorry what this ſtoutneſs will produce.

Samſ. Perhaps thou ſhalt have cauſe to ſorrow indeed.

Chor. Conſider, *Samſon*; matters now are ſtrain'd
Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another meſſage more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samſ. Shall I abuſe this conſecrated gift
Of ſtrength, again returning with my hair
After my great tranſgreſſion; ſo requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater ſin,
By proſtituting holy things to idols;
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my ſtrength in honour to their *Dagon?*
Beſides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the *Philiſtins*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samſ. Not in their Idol-worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful, to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power.

Chor.

Ch. Where the heart joins not, outwards acts defile not.

Samſ. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds;
But who conſtrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philiſtian* Lords command:
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee,
Preſent in Temples at idolatrous Rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou need'ſt not doubt.

Ch. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.

Samſ. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rouzing motions in me, which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our Law, or ſtain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be aught of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

Chor. In time thou haſt reſolv'd; the man returns.

Off. Samſon, this ſecond meſſage from our Lords
To thee I am bid ſay: Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch Engines to aſſail

And

And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier faſtn'd than a Rock.

Samſ. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious:
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild Beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection:
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men.)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous, or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praiſe thy reſolution, doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

Samſ. Brethren farewel; your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with Friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them,
I know not: Lords are Lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted Prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion ſeem concern'd:
No leſs the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable.
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation or my ſelf:
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Iſrael* be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send the Angel of thy Birth to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy Father's field
Rode up in flames, after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſht on thee
In the camp of *Dan*,
Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been ſeen.
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in ſuch haſte
With youthful ſteps? much livelier than ere while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement hi-
Was not at preſent here to find my Son, [ther
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their Feaſt.
I heard all as I came; the City rings,
And numbers thither flock: I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc'd to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee: ſay, Reverend Sire; we thirſt to hear.

Man.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone, and Father's tears,
T' accept of ranſom for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd *Dagon* and his prieſts:
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They eaſily would ſet to ſale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſom was propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting, to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

Man. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my Tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him;
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurſe their Parents in old age,

Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-ſight loſt.

Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, enobl'd
With all thoſe high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And, I perſuade me, God hath not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair,
Gariſon'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him farther yet in ſome great ſervice;
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift
Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love;
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noiſe!
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noiſe was that,
Horribly loud, unlike the former ſhout!

Chor. Noiſe call you it, or univerſal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noiſe:
Oh! it continues; they have ſlain my Son.

Chor.

Chor. Thy Son is rather ſlaying them; that outcry
From ſlaughter of one Foe could not aſcend.

Man. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do? ſtay here, or run and ſee?

Chor. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the *Philiſtins* is fall'n;
From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to *Iſrael*'s God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his Foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain ſubſcribe and tempts belief:
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An *Hebrew*, as I gueſs, and of our Tribe.

Meſſ. O whither ſhall I run, or which way flie
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle,

Which erſt my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.
But Providence, or inſtinct of Nature ſeems,
Or Reaſon, though diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee firſt, reverend *Manoa*, and to theſe
My countrymen; whom here I knew remaining,
As at ſome diſtance from the place of horror,
So in the ſad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou ſeeſt we long to know.

Meſſ. It would burſt forth; but I recover breath
And ſenſe diſtract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the ſum, the circumſtance defer.

Meſſ. *Gaza* yet ſtands, but all her Sons are fall'n;
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'ſt to *Iſraelites* not ſaddeſt
The deſolation of a hoſtile City.

Meſſ. Feed on that firſt; there may in grief be ſurfeit.

Man. Relate by whom. *Meſſ.* By *Samſon*. *Man.* That
[ſtill leſſens
The ſorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Meſſ. Ah! *Manoa*, I refrain, too ſuddenly
To utter what will come at laſt too ſoon;

Leſt evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, ſhould pierce too deep.

Man. Suſpence in news is torture; ſpeak them out.

Meſſ. Then take the worſt in brief, *Samſon* is dead.

Man. The worſt indeed: O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who ſets all free,
Hath paid his ranſom now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive, as the firſt-born bloom of Spring,
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's froſt?
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave *Samſon* his death's wound?

Meſſ. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with ſlaughter then, or how? explain.

Meſſ. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence! what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his Foes?

Meſſ. Inevitable cauſe,
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroyed:
The Edifice, where all were met to ſee him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thy ſelf!
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confuſion, give us if thou canſt,
Eye-witneſs of what firſt or laſt was done,
Relation more particular and diſtinct.

Meſſ. Occaſions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-riſe,
The Morning Trumpets Feſtival proclaim'd
Through each high-ſtreet: little had I diſpatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samſon ſhould be brought forth to ſhew the people
Proof of his mighty ſtrength in feats and games.
I ſorrow'd at his captive ſtate, but minded
Not to be abſent at that ſpectacle.
The building was a ſpacious Theatre,
Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With ſeats where all the Lords, and each degree
Of ſort, might ſit in order to behold;
The other ſide was open, where the throng
On banks and ſcaffolds under Skie might ſtand;
I among thoſe aloof obſcurely ſtood.
The Feaſt and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear and wine,
When to their ſports they turn'd. Immediately
Was *Samſon* as a publick ſervant brought,
In their ſtate Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels; on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts, and Spears.
At ſight of him the people with a ſhout
Rifted the Air, clamouring their god with praiſe,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He

He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was ſet before him,
Which without help of eye might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, and break, he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible ſtupendous force,
None daring to appear Antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion-ſake they led him
Between the Pillars; he his guide requeſted
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſie Pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport.
He unſuſpicious led him; which when *Samſon*
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fixt, he ſtood as one who pray'd,
Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd;
At laſt with head erect thus cry'd aloud.
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Nor without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord ſuch other trial
I mean to ſhew you of my ſtrength, yet greater,
As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When Mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſie Pillars
With horrible confuſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counſellors, or Prieſts,
Their choice Nobility and Flower, not only
Of this but each *Philiſtian* City round,
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this Feaſt.

Samſon with theſe immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd, who ſtood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To *Iſrael*, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire neceſſity; whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd Foes, in number more
Than all thy life had ſlain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and ſublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread, who dwells
In *Silo*, his bright Sanctuary;
Among them he a ſpirit of phrenzie ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer:
They, only ſet on ſport and play,
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

Semichor.

Semichor. But he, though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd, and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame;
And as ev'ning Dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched rooſts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatick Fowl; but, as an Eagle,
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſt, and overthrown, as ſeem'd
Like that ſelf-begott'n Bird
In the *Arabian* Woods emboſt,
That no ſecond knows, nor third,
And lay ere while a Holocauſt,
From out her aſhie womb now teem'd,
Revives, re-flouriſhes, then vigorous moſt,
When moſt unactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives,
A ſecular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cauſe; *Samſon* hath quit himſelf
Like *Samſon*, and heroickly hath finiſh'd
A life Heroick; on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
Through all *Philiſtian* bounds; to *Iſrael*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion,
T' himſelf and Father's houſe eternal fame:
And, which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this

With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſts, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the Body, where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clodded gore. I with what ſpeed the while
(*Gaza* is not in plight to ſay us nay)
Will ſend for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and ſolemnly attend
With ſilent obſequy and funeral train
Home to his Father's houſe: there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with ſhade
Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or ſweet Lyrick Song.
Thither ſhall all the valiant Youth reſort,
And from his memory inflame their breaſts
To matchleſs valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins alſo ſhall on feaſtful days
Viſit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loſs of eyes.

Chor. All is beſt, though we oft doubt
What th' unſearchable diſpoſe
Of higheſt wiſdom brings about,
And ever beſt found in the cloſe.
Oft he ſeems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful Champion hath in place

Bore

Bore witneſs gloriouſly; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to reſiſt
His uncontroulable intent:
His Servant he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind, all paſſion ſpent.

THE END.

POEMS, &c.

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

IN

ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.

Compos'd at ſeveral times.

By Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

——*Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virgil. Eclog. 7.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas*, 1637. *And by occaſion foretels the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with Ivy never-ſear,
I come to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due;
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas?* he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the loſty rhyme.
He muſt not flote upon his watry bier

Unwept,

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin then, Siſters of the ſacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat louder ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe:
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn;
And as ſhe paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame hill,
Fed the ſame flock, by fountain, ſhade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the Star, that roſe at Ev'ning bright,
Toward Heav'n's deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute;
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damœtas* lov'd to hear our ſong.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and deſart Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to their ſoft layes.

As

As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the White-Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loſs to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas?*
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe her ſelf, that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muſe her ſelf for her inchanting ſon,
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* ſhore?

Alas! what boots it with inceſſant care
To tend the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe?
Were it not better done, as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neara*'s hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life.—But not the praiſe,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears:

Fame

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes
And perfect witneſs of all-judging *Jove:*
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuſe*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-ſliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And liſtens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in *Neptune*'s plea;
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle Swain;
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged winds,
That blows from off each beaked Promontory:
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her ſiſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark,
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that ſacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe:
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake;
Two maſſy Keys he bore of metals twain,

(The

(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake:
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd aught elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And, when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw;
The hungry ſheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſed,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

Return, *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return, *Sicilian* Muſe
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades, and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primroſe, that forſaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jeſſamine,
The white Pink and the Panſie freakt with jeat,

The

The glowing Violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts daily with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ah me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great Viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks tow'rd *Namancas* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapleſs youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more;
For *Lycidas*, your ſorrow, is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-ſpangled Ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial Song
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,

In

In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies,
That ſing, and ſinging in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompenſe, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous floud.

Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay.
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay:
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blue;
To-morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new,

L' Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus* and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;

There

There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſart ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Siſter-Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſome Sages ſing)
The frolick Wind, that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blue,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair;
Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantaſtick toe:
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine:
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin;
And to the ſtack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before.
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Sometime walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thouſand Liveries dight.
While the plow-man near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſinging blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſcythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the Landskip round it meaſures;
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring Clouds do often reſt,
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide:

Towers

Towers and Battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Oaks,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of Herbs and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bower ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Seaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by Frier's Lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſweat,
To earn his Cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy Flail hath threſh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,

And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold;
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnſon*'s learned Sock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear*, fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild;
And ever againſt eating Cares
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tye
The hidden ſoul of harmony:

That *Orpheus'* ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elyſian* flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd *Eurydice.*
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penſeroſo.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus'* train.
But hail! thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail! divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'er-laid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue:
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnon's* Siſter might beſeem;

Or

Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter ſhe (in *Saturn*'s reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades,
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of *Cypreſs* Lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about *Jove*'s Altar ſing;
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure.
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring
Him, that yon ſoars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hiſt along;
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd Oak:
Sweet Bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs oft the Woods among
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowſie charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,

Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphear
The ſpirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons*, that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd Pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebes* or *Pelops'* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine:
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek;
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Horſe of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought elſe, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turnies and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't, as ſhe was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,
Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eye,
While the Bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream,
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid:
And, as I wake, ſweet muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs through mine ear
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy Gown, and moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
Of every Star that heav'n doth ſhew,
And every Herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, *Melancholy*, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Derby *at* Harefield, *by ſome Noble Perſons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Paſtoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.*

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look!
What ſudden blaze of Majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry,
Too divine to be miſtook?
This, this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend,
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe;
Leſs than half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.
Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like ſilver threads:
This, this is ſhe alone,
Sitting like a Goddeſs bright,
In the center of her light.

Might

Might ſhe the wiſe *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred gods,
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity ſo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.

Gen. STay gentle Swains; for tho in this diſguiſe,
I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by ſecret ſluce,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuſe*;
And ye the breathing Roſes of the Wood,
Fair ſilver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know, this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great Miſtreſs of yon princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching *Fame* hath left untold:
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from *Jove*, I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I ſave from nightly ill
Of noiſom winds, and blaſting Vapours chill;
And from the Boughs bruſh off the evil dew
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,

Or what the croſs dire-looking Planet ſmites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumbring leaves, or taſſel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs:
But elſe in deep of night, when drowſineſs
Hath lockt up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial *Syrens* harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the Adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
To lull the daughters of *Neceſſity*,
And keep unſteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of humane mould with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch muſick worthieſt were to blaze
The peerleſs height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds: yet as we go,
What-e'er the skill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate;
And ſo attend ye to'wrd her glittering ſtate:
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtem
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſtures hem.

2. SONG.

2. Song.

O'ER the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me, as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm ſtar-proof,
Follow me.
I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendor, as befits
Her Deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

3. Song.

NYmphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By ſandy *Ladon*'s lillied banks;
On old *Lycæus*, or *Cyllene* hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks:
Though *Erymanth* your loſs deplore,
A better ſoil ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony *Mænalus*
Bring your Flocks, and live with us;
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this place:
Though *Syrinx* your *Pan*'s Miſtreſs were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

A

MASK

PRESENTED

At *LUDLOW-CASTLE*,

1634.

BEFORE

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
Preſident of WALES.

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

SIR,

I Was a ſpecial Favour, when you lately beſtow'd upon me here the firſt taſte of your Acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagin'd your farther ſtay in theſe parts, which I underſtood afterwards by Mr. H. *I would have been bold in our vulgar phraſe, to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirſt) and to have begged your converſation again, jointly with your ſaid learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together ſome good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I obſerved you to have been familiar.*

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you dated the ſixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I ſhould much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not raviſh me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs

and

and Odes, whereunto I muſt plainly confeſs to have ſeen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipſa mollities. *But I muſt not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modeſtly ſoever) the true Artificer. For the Work itſelf I had view'd ſome good while before, with ſingular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr.* R. *in the very cloſe of the late* R's *Poems, printed at* Oxford, *whereunto it was added (as I now ſuppoſe) that the Acceſſory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of* Stationers, *and to leave the Reader* Con la bocca dolce.

Now, Sir, concerning your Travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Diſcourſe with you; I ſuppoſe you will not blanch Paris *in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few Lines to Mr.* M. B. *whom you ſhall eaſily find attending the young Lord* S. *as his Governor; and you may ſurely receive from him good directions for the ſhaping of your farther journey into* Italy, *where he did reſide by my choice ſome time for the King, after mine own receſs from* Venice.

I ſhould think that your beſt Line will be thorow the whole length of France *to* Marſeilles, *and thence by Sea to* Genoa, *whence the paſſage into* Tuſcany *is as Diurnal as a* Graveſend *Barge: I haſten, as you do, to* Florence, *or* Siena, *the rather to tell you a ſhort ſtory, from the intereſt you have given me in your ſafety.*

At Siena *I was tabled in the Houſe of one* Alberto Scipioni, *an old* Roman *Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the* Ducca di Pagliano, *who with all his Family were ſtrangled, ſave this only man, that eſcap'd by foreſight of the Tempeſt:*

Tempeſt: With him I had often much chat of thoſe affairs; into which he took pleaſure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure towards Rome *(which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my ſelf ſecurely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conſcience.* Signior Arrigo mio *(ſays he)* I penſieri ſtretti, & il viſo ſciolto, *will go ſafely over the whole World: Of which* Delphian *Oracle (for ſo I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the beſt of all ſecurities, God's dear Love, remaining*

Your Friend, as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

I Have expreſly ſent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without ſome acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myſelf thro' ſome buſineſs, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I ſhall underſtand you fixed, I ſhall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for ſome fomentation of our friendſhip, too ſoon interrupted in the Cradle.

The Perſons.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrſis.

Comus *with his Crew.*

The Lady.

1 *Brother.*

2 *Brother.*

Sabrina *the Nymph.*

The chief Perſons who preſented, were,

The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton *his Brother.*

The Lady Alice Egerton.

A

MASK

Preſented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

Efore the ſtarry threſhold of *Jove*'s Court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal Shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live inſphear'd
In Regions mild of calm and ſerene Air,
Above the ſmoak and ſtir of this dim ſpot,
Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feveriſh Being,
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,

After

After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongſt th' enthroned Gods on ſainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be, that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key,
That opes the Palace of Eternity:
To ſuch my errand is; and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial Weeds
With the rank Vapours of this Sin-worn Mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, beſides the ſway
Of ev'ry ſalt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iſles,
That like to rich and various Gems inlay
The unadorned boſom of the Deep,
Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
By courſe commits to ſeveral Governments,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And wield their little Tridents; but this Iſle,
The greateſt and the beſt of all the Main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation, proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-ſpring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's ſtate,
And new-entruſted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring Paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
I was diſpatcht for their defence and guard:
And liſten why; for I will tell ye now

What

What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple Grape
Cruſht the ſweet poiſon of miſ-uſed Wine,
After the *Tuſcan* Mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the *Tyrrhene* ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On *Circe*'s Iſland fell; (Who knows not *Circe*,
The Daughter of the Sun; whoſe charmed Cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine?)
This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his cluſtring locks,
With Ivy-Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up and *Comus* nam'd:
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Cryſtal Glaſs,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taſte,
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate thirſt)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' expreſs reſemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul diſfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.

Therefore, when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to paſs through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
I ſhoot from Heav'n, to give him ſafe convoy;
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my skie robes ſpun out of *Iris'* Wooff,
And take the weeds and likeneſs of a Swain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied Song,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods; nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps; I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus *enters with a Charming-Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other; with him a rout of Monſters headed like ſundry ſorts of wild Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel gliſtering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star, that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantic* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſie dance, and Jollity:
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſour Severity,
With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the Starry Choir,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in ſwift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, deckt with Daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath Night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin,
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport,
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight Torches burns; myſterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon womb
Of *Stygian* darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the Air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing eaſtern Scout,
The nice Morn, on th' *Indian* ſteep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

And

And to the tell-tale Sun deſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſte footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees;
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art,)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. I ſhall ere long
Be well-ſtock'd with as fair a herd, as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight;
Which muſt not be: for that's againſt my courſe.
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courteſie,
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Win me into the eaſy-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick duſt,
I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs Villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide
And hearken, if I may her buſineſs hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound

Of Riot and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gameſome Pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loth
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late Waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe Pines,
Stept, as they ſaid, to the next Thicket ſide,
To bring me Berries, or ſuch cooling fruit,
As the kind hoſpitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a ſad Votariſt in Palmer's weed
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phœbus'* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likelieſt
They had engag'd their wandring ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, ere they could return,
Had ſtole them from me; elſe, O thieviſh night,
Why ſhould'ſt thou, but for ſome felonious end,
In thy dark lanthorn thus cloſe up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was riſe, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear;
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,

Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and deſart Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, Conſcience.
O welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſht form of Chaſtity;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the ſupreme Good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring Guardian, if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

SWEET Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph, that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow Meander's *margent green,*
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well;
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry Cave,

Tell

Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere;
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathe ſuch Divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtifie his hidden reſidence;
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled *Naiades*,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*; *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the Senſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of it ſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking Bliſs
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed;
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe,
That is addreſt to unattending Ears:
Not any boaſt of skill, but extreme ſhift

How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me anſwer from her moſſie Couch.
Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from near-uſhering guides?
La. They left me weary on a graſſie turf.
Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſie, or why?
La. To ſeek i'th' Vally ſome cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps foreſtalling night prevented them.
La. How eaſie my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?
La. No leſs than if I ſhould my Brothers loſe.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As ſmooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hedger at his ſupper ſat;
I ſaw them under a green mantling Vine,
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots;
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood:
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And, as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,
What readieſt way would bring me to that Place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light

Would

Would over-task the beſt Land-Pilot's art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your ſtray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-rooſted Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe: if otherwiſe,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word.
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſie,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, than in tap'ſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure,
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it.
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd, lead on.——

Enter the two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars; and thou fair Moon,
That wont'ſt to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades:
Or if your influence be quite dam'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a Ruſh-Candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;

And thou ſhalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
Of *Tyrian* Cynoſure. *Y. Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops;
Or whiſtle from the Lodge, or village Cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
In this cloſe Dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs Virgin, our loſt ſiſter!
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her Boulſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother; be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk: And Wiſdom's ſelf

Of

Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude;
Where with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt,
May ſit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day;
But he, that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſart Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senate Houſe:
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſunn'd heaps
Of Miſer's Treaſure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs Maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wild ſurrounding waſte,
Of night or loneline ſs, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned Siſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Siſter's ſtate

Secure, without all doubt or controverſie:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My Siſter is not ſo defenceleſs leſt
As you imagine; ſhe has a hidden ſtrength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too; but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity.
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Foreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,
No Savage fierce, Banditti, or Mountaneer
Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity:
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
By grots, and cayerns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blue meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid Ghoſt,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfeu* time,
No Goblin, or ſwart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*,
To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs *Diana* her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen, for ever chaſte,

Where-

Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded Lioneſs,
And ſpotted mountain Pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was Queen o'th' Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſhield
That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace, that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chaſtity,
That when a Soul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand livery'd Angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things, that no groſs ear can hear;
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the Soul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp,
Oft ſeen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
Lingring, and ſitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the Body, that it lov'd,
And linkt it ſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,

But muſical as is *Apollo*'s Lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt; I hear
Some far-off hallow break the ſilent Air.
Y. Bro. Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here.
Or elſe ſome Neighbour Woodman, or, at worſt,
Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.
Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my ſiſter. Again! again! and near!
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know; what are you? ſpeak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron ſtakes elſe.
Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? ſpeak agen.
Y. Bro. O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd ſure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweeten'd ev'ry musk-roſe of the dale?
How cam'ſt thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold or young Kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling Weather the pent flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd Maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd Ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth inrich theſe downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?

Eld.

Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.
Spir. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrſis?* Prethee briefly [ſhew.
Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage Poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire *Chimera*'s, and inchanted Iſles,
And rifted Rocks, whoſe entrance leads to Hell;
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypreſs ſhades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;
And here to every thirſty wanderer,
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſon's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt,
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them, that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their ſupper on the ſavoury Herb
Of Knot-graſs dew-beſprent, and were in fold,
I ſat me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove With

With flaunting Hony-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of Melancholy,
To meditate my rural minſtrelſie,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous diſſonance;
At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpite to the drowſie frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe-curtain'd ſleep.
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took ere ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains, that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear Siſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapleſs Nightingale, thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wiſard, hid in ſly diſguiſe,
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, ere my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſht prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager:
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant, with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here,

But farther know I not. *Y. Bro.* O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely; not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power,
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that, which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettl'd to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come, let's on:
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n,
May never this juſt Sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grieſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empriſe,
But here thy Sword can do thee little ſtead;
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe, that quell the might of helliſh Charms:

He

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joynts,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durſt thou then thy ſelf approach ſo near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb,
That ſpreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray;
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken ev'n to extaſie,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties.
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright golden Flower, but not in this ſoil:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wiſe *Ulyſſes* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of Sov'raign uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt or damp,
Or gaſtly furies apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, tho diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,

And yet came off: if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the Necromancer's Hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſht blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground;
But ſeize his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſign of Battle make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak;
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
And ſome good Angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this Wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaſter,
And you a Statue, or, as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo.*
La. Fool, do not boaſt;
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacled, while Heav'n ſees good.
Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See! here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial Julep here,

That

That flames and dances in his cryſtal bounds,
With ſpirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepentes*, which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*,
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to your ſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted: but, fair Virgin,
This will reſtore all ſoon.

La. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty,
That thou haſt baniſht from thy tongue with lyes.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe owly-headed Monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver.
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery,
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits, fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draught for *Juno*, when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer: none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co. O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge Doctors of the *Stoic* Fur;
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* Tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning Worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilk,
To deck her Sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worſhipt Ore, and precious Gems,
To ſtore her children with? If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but Frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging Maſter,
As a penurious Niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her ſons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangl'd with her waſte fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'erfraught would ſwell, and th' unſought Dia-
Would ſo emblaze the forehead of the Deep, [monds
And ſo beſtud with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laſt
To gaze upon the Sun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt, Lady; be not coy, and be not coſen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity:
Beauty is Nature's coin, muſt not be hoarded,
But muſt be current, and the good thereof

Conſiſts

Conſiſts in mutual and partaken bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' injoyment of itſelf;
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe,
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In Courts, at Feaſts, and high Solemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip:
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarſe complexions,
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teize the houſewife's wooll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the Morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviſ'd; you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my Judgment, as mine Eyes,
Obtruding falſe Rules, prankt in Reaſon's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe, good catereſs,
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare Temperance.
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd,
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit encumber'd with her ſtore;
And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His

His praiſe due paid: for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough to him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity?
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhould'ſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick,
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy ſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magick ſtructures, rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

Co. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power:
And tho not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To ſome of *Saturn*'s crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Againſt the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, 'tis but the lees
And ſettlings of a melancholy blood:

But this will cure all ſtreight, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight,
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.——

The Brothers ruſh in with Swords drawn, wreſt his Glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his Rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in. The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falſe Enchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fixt, and motionleſs:
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
The ſootheſt Shepherd that e'er pip'd on Plains.
There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence;
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth *Severn* ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
Whilom ſhe was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*:
She, guiltleſs damſel, flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe;
The water Nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtreight to aged *Nereus'* Hall;
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrew'd with Aſphodil;
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in Ambroſial Oyls till ſhe reviv'd,

And

And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the River: ſtill ſhe retains
Her Maiden gentleneſs, and oft at Eve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blaſt, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their Feſtivals
Carrol her goodneſs loud in ruſtick lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numbing ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled Song;
For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin, ſuch as was her ſelf,
In hard-beſetting need: this will I try,
And add the pow'r of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina *fair,*
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent Wave,
In twiſted Braids of Lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
Liſten, for dear Honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the Silver Lake;
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten and appear to us,
In name of great *Oceanus,*
By the earth-ſhaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys*' grave majeſtic pace,
By hoary *Nereus*' wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wiſard's hook,

By

By ſcaly *Triton*'s winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying *Glaucus*' ſpell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the ſtrands,
By *Thetis*' tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* ſweet,
By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea*'s golden comb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

Sabrina *riſes, attended by Water-Nymphs, and ſings.*

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow, and the Oſier dank,
My ſliding Chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with Agat, and the Azurn ſheen
Of Turkis blue, and Emrauld green
That in the channel ſtrays,
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O'er the Cowſlip's Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy requeſt
I am here.

Spir.

Spir. Goddeſs dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity:
Brighteſt Lady look on me,
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops, that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd ſeat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold;
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold:
And I muſt haſte ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bow'r.

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her Seat.*

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Locrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchiſes*' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drought, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet *October*'s torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud,
May thy billows rowl aſhoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore;

May

May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terraſs round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us intice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide:
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Reſidence,
Where, this night, are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh'd preſence, and beſide
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort;
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chear.
Come, let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But Night ſits Monarch yet in the mid-sky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town and the Preſident's Caſtle; then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday:
Here be without duck, or nod,
Other trippings to be trod

Of

Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe,*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a Crown of deathleſs Praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er ſenſual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy Climes, that lie
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the ſky:
There I ſuck the liquid air,
All amidſt the Gardens fair
Of *Heſperus*, and his daughters three,
That ſing about the golden tree.
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And weſt-winds, with musky wing

About the cedarn Alleys fling
Nard, and *Caſſia*'s balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfled ſcarf can ſhew;
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth* and Roſes,
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits the *Cyprian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial *Cupid*, her fam'd Son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Pſyche* ſweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the Gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
But now my task is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend;
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the Sphery Chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the Courts of everlaſting Day,
And choſe with us a darkſom Houſe of mortal Clay.

III.

Say, Heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
Afford a Preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern road
The Star-led Wizards haſte with odours ſweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet:
Have thou the Honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Choir,
From out his ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woos the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning Sphear
His ready Harbinger,

With

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She ſtrikes a univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battle's ſound,
Was heard the World around,
The idle ſpear and ſhield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng;
And Kings ſat ſtill with awful eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds, with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed Wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light
Of *Lucifer*, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,
The Sun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,

And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd World no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſy keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely warbled voice,
Anſw'ring the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their Souls in bliſsful rapture took:
The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s ſeat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light,

That

That with long beams the ſhame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplay'd,
Harping in loud and ſolemn Choir,
With inexpreſſive notes, to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye Cryſtal Sphears,
Once bleſs our human ears,
(If ye have pow'r to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the Baſs of Heav'n's deep Organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' Angelic Symphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And ſpeckled vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing:
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſteering;
And Heav'n, as at ſome Feſtival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace-Hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo;
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorifie:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder thro' the deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on Mount *Sinai* rang,
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth, aghaſt
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the centre ſhake;
When at the world's laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air ſhall ſpread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is;
But now begins: for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,

Not

Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly Horrour of his folded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell,
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent:
With flow'r-inwov'n treſſes torn,
The Nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
Th' *Lares* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill Marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r forgoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*
Forſake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Paleſtine*;

And mooned *Aſhtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now ſits not girt with Taper's holy ſhine;
The Libyc *Hammon* ſhrinks his horn;
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dread
His burning Idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the grieſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh gods of *Nile* as faſt,
Iſis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haſte.

XXIV.

Nor is *Oſiris* ſeen,
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unſhowr'd Graſs with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt;
Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud:
In vain with timbrel'd Anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled Sorc'rers bear his worſhipp'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda*'s Land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe, to ſhew his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling-bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to th' infernal Jail;
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave;
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*
Fly after the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But ſee! the Virgin bleſt
Hath laid her Babe to reſt;
Time is our tedious Song ſhould here have ending:
Heav'n's youngeſt teemed Star
Hath fix'd her poliſh'd Car,
Her ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his, dying of a Cough.

I.

O Faireſt flower, no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken Primroſe fading timeleſly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak winter's force that made thy bloſſom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die,
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

II.

For ſince grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boiſt'rous rape th' *Athenian* damſel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,

If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from far,
There ended was his queſt, there ceas'd his care:
Down he deſcended from his Snow-ſoft chair;
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did ſlay his dearly-loved mate,
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota*'s ſtrand,
Young *Hyacinth*, the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack! that ſo to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhew'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving Sphere,
Or in th' *Elyſian* fields (if ſuch there were;)

O ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome Star, which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak'd *Olympus* by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtal?
Or did of late earth's Sons beſiege the wall
Of ſheenie Heav'n, and thou ſome goddeſs fled,
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid, who once before
Forſook'ſt the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?
Or that crown'd Matron, ſage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood,
Let down in cloudy throne to do the World ſome good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,
Who, having clad thy ſelf in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed ſeat didſt poſt,
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed;
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire?

X.

But oh! why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath, whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child,
Thy falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the World's laſt end ſhall make thy name to live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exerciſe in the College, part* Latin, *part* Engliſh. *The* Latin *Speeches ended, the* Engliſh *thus began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc'd, ſlide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſat two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I uſe thee in my latter task:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:

But

But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a Pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure;
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimmings ſlight,
Which take our late fantaſticks with delight;
But cull thoſe richeſt Robes, and gay'ſt Attire,
Which deepeſt Spirits and choiceſt Wits deſire.
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay,
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt array;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair Aſſembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity,
How he before the thund'rous throne doth lie,
Liſt'ning to what unſhorn *Apollo* ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her kingly Sire:
Then paſſing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And miſty Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow, and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'n's defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things, that came to paſs
When Beldame Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings, and Queens, and Heroes old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous'* feaſt,
While ſad *Ulyſſes'* ſoul and all the reſt

Are

Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy *Predicament*:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my Room.

Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the* Predicaments *his ten Sons, whereof the eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons; which* Ens, *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowſie Nurſe hath ſworn, ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed,
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible:
Yet there is ſomething, that doth force my fear;
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wiſely could preſage,
And in Time's long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs:
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident;
O'er all his Brethren he ſhall reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling;

And thoſe, that cannot live from him aſunder,
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under:
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers ſhall depend for Clothing.
To find a Foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And Peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring War ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea, it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe his *Gordian* knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality *ſpake in Proſe, then* Relation *was call'd by his name.*

RIVERS, ariſe; whether thou be the Son
Of utmoſt *Tweed*, or *Ooſe*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like ſome earth-born Giant ſpreads
His thirty Arms along th' indented Meads,
Or ſullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* ſwift, guilty of Maiden's death,
Or rockie *Avon*, or of ſedgy *Lee*,
Or coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallow'd *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* ſmooth, or royal tow'red *Thame*.

The reſt was Proſe.

The PASSION.

I.

ERE while of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light,
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt woe,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeize ere long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo;
Moſt perfect Heroe, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He ſov'reign Prieſt ſtooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly Tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his Brethrens ſide.

IV.

Theſe latter ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound:
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings, otherwhere are found;
Loud o'er the reſt *Cremona*'s Trump doth ſound:

Me

Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of Lute, or Viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, beſt Patroneſs of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo;
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have waſht, a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the Chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Phrophet up at *Chebar* flood;
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Tow'rs of *Salem* ſtood
Once glorious Towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my Soul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad Sepulchral rock,
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richeſt ſtore;
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoftned Quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence, hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my ſorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfy'd with what was begun, left it unfiniſht.

On TIME.

FLY, envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummet's pace;
And glut thy ſelf with what thy womb devours;
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And merely mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs,
And joy ſhall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing, that is ſincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme Throne
Of him, t'whoſe happy-making ſight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul ſhall climb,
Then all this Earthy groſſneſs quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we ſhall for ever ſit, [Time.
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O

Upon

Upon the Circumciſion.

YE flaming Pow'rs, and Winged Warriours bright,
That erſt with Muſick, and triumphant Song,
Firſt heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your Joy the clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow;
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to ſeize!
O more exceeding love, or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in Death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great Cov'nant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Intirely ſatisfi'd,
And the full wath beſide
Of vengefull Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day: but oh! ere long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLeſt pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt pow'r employ,
Dead things with imbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent
That undiſturbed Song of pure content,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him, that ſits thereon,
With Saintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic hoſt in thouſand Choirs
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits, that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on Earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair Muſick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect Diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

AN

AN EPITAPH ON THE Marchioneſs of *Wincheſter*.

THIS rich Marble doth inter
The honour'd Wife of *Wincheſter*.
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told, alas! too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death:
Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin choir for her requeſt
The God, that ſits at marriage-feaſt;
He at their invoking came,
But with a ſcarce-well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a Cypreſs bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,

And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But, whether by miſchance or blame,
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languiſht Mother's womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New ſhot up from vernal ſhower;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe Pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears,
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore,
Sweet reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That, to give the world encreaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own life's leaſe.
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble Houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan,
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And ſome Flowers, and ſome bays,
For thy Herſe, to ſtrew the ways,

Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſit'ſt in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him, that ſerv'd for her before;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright Morning-Sar, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*; who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe.
Hail, bounteous *May*, that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and Groves are of thy Dreſſing,
Hill and Dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakeſpear* for his honour'd Bones
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelf a live-long Monument.
For whilſt, to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of it ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

On the Univerſity Carrier, who ſicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reaſon of the Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For

For he had any time theſe ten years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull.*
And ſurely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd:
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his lateſt Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlain
Shew'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd of his Boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the ſame.

HERE lieth one, who did moſt truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtrait.
Reſt, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away, he ſicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd:
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,

But vow, though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light:
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon, he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this Superſcription.

On the new Forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcauſe you have thrown off your Prelate Lord
And with ſtiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To ſeize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them, whoſe ſin ye envy'd, not abhorr'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Conſciences, that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
Would have been held in high Eſteem with *Paul*,
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By ſhallow *Edwards* and *Scotch* what d'ye-call.

But

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots, and packing, worſe than thoſe of *Trent*,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholeſome and preventive ſhears
Clip your Phylacteries, though baulk your Ears,
And ſuccour our juſt Fears;
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Prieſt* writ Large.

Ad PYRRHAM. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat eſſe miſeros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in roſâ
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, *ſub antro?*
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebit, & aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis! Miſeri, quibus

Intentata nites, me tabulâ ſacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

The fifth ODE *of* Horace, *Lib.* I.

Rendered almoſt word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Meaſure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT ſlender Youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain, and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire;

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapleſs they,

To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the Woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the Lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of Day,
First heard before the ſhallow Cuccoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in Love; O, if *Jove*'s will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome Grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Ben è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco

Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno,
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

SONNET III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Fuor di ſua natia alma prima vera,
Coſi Amor meco inſu la lingua ſnella
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volſe, ed io a l' altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarmo.
Deh! foſs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonſi donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d'amor, e come t'oſi?

Dinne,

Dinne, ſe latua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, e il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

SONNET IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſi io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſolea
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian ſi, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi ſia poco.

SONNET V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſenti pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole

Che force amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

SONNET VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

SONNET VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 25d Year.

How ſoon hath Time, the ſubtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days flie on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near;

And

And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure ev'n
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Tow'rd which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great Task-maſter's eye.

SONNET VIII.

To the Soldier, to ſpare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſeize,
If ever deed of honour did thee pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call Fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
What-ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes Bower.
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Tower
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To ſave th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IX.

To a Lady.

Lady, that in the prime of earlieſt youth
Wiſely haſt ſhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*

Cho-

Choſen thou haſt, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt, and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid-hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

SONNET X.

To the Lady Margaret Lee *Daughter to the Earl of* Marlborough.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *England*'s Council, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both unſtain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both more in himſelf content,
Till the ſad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Charonea*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flouriſht, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

SONNET XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
The ſubject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Num'bring good intellects; now ſeldom pored on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to *Mile-End Green.* Why is it harder, Sirs, than *Gordon, Colkitto,* or *Macdonnel,* or *Galaſp?*
Thoſe rugged Names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
That would have made *Quintilian* ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek,*
Hated not Learning worſe than Toad or Aſp,
When thou taught'ſt *Cambridge,* and King *Edward* [*Greek.*

SONNET XII.

On the ſame.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Aſſes, Apes and Dogs:
As when thoſe Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at *Latona*'s twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting Pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we ſee,
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

SONNET XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, *on his Aires.*

Harry, whoſe tuneful and well-meaſur'd Song
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas'* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth aire could humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus'* Choir,
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing,
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

SONNET XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthly load.
O Death, call'd life; which us from Life doth ſever!
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour

Staid

Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever:
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpake the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee reſt,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

SONNET XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whoſe Name in Arms thro' *Europe* rings,
And fills all mouths with envy or with Praiſe,
And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, which daunt remoteſt things;
Thy firm unſhaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raiſe
Their *Hydra* Heads, and the falſe North diſplays
Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,
For what can War but acts of War ſtill breed,
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,
And publick faith be reſcu'd from the the brand
Of publick fraud? In vain does Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine ſhare the Land.

SONNET XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane *the younger.*

Vane, young in Years, but in ſage Counſels old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held

The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns, not Arms, repel'd
The fierce *Epirot*, and the *African* bold)
Whether to ſettle Peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow States, hard to be ſpell'd;
Then to adviſe how War may beſt b' upheld,
Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Beſides to know [done.
What ſerves each, thou haſt learn'd, which few have
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldeſt Son.

SONNET XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
Not of War only, but Diſtractions rude,
(Guided by Faith and matchleſs Fortitude)
To Peace and Truth thy glorious way haſt plow'd,
And fought God's Battles and his works purſu'd,
While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,
And *Dunbar* field reſound thy Praiſes loud,
And *Worceſter*'s Laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; Peace has her Victories
No leſs than thoſe of War. New Foes ariſe,
Threatning to bind our Souls in ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free Conſcience from the Paw
Of hireling Wolves, whoſe Goſpel is their Maw.

SON.

SONNET XVIII.

On the late Maſſacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd Saints, whoſe bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old,
When all our Fathers worſhip'd Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy Book record their groans,
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemonteſe* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moan
The Vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

SONNET XIX.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, theſe Eyes tho' clear
To outward view of blemiſh or of ſpot,
Bereft of Sight, their ſeeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle Orbs does day appear,
Or Sun or Moon, or Stars throughout the Year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Againſt Heav'n's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but ſtill bear up, and ſteer
Right onwards. What ſupports me, doſt thou ask?
The conſcience, friend, t'have loſt them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Whereof

Whereof all *Europe* rings from ſide to ſide.
This Thought might lead me thro' this world's
vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

SONNET XX.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide.
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who beſt
Bear his mild yoak, they ſerve him beſt; his State
Is Kingly: Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed,
And poſt o'er Land and Ocean without reſt;
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

SONNET XXI.

To Mr. Lawrence, *Son to the Preſident of* Cromwell's *Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day; what may be won
From the hard ſeaſon gaining? time will run
On ſmoother, till *Favonius* re-inſpire
The frozen earth; and clothe in freſh attire
The Lillie and Roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.

What

What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attick taſte, with Wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuſcan* Air?
He, who of thoſe delights can judge and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

SONNET XXII.

On Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whoſe Grandſire on the Royal Bench
Of Britiſh *Themis*, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd, and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Bar ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let *Euclid* reſt, and *Archimedes* pauſe,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To meaſure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'rd ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God ſends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XXIII.

On his deceaſed Wife.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed Saint
Brought to me, like *Alceſtis*, from the grave,
Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,

Reſcu'd

Reſcu'd from death by force though pale and faint;
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in th' old Law did ſave,
And ſuch as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied ſight,
Love, Sweetneſs, Goodneſs, in her Perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

Gaudete, Scombri, & quicquid eſt piſcium Salo,
Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Veſtrûm miſertus ille Salmaſius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
Inſignia, nomenque & Decus Salmaſii,
Geſtetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, ſcriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capſulis gratiſſimos.

Brutus

Brutus *taking with him* Geryon *the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddeſs* Diana, *utters his Requeſt thus:*

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeſs of ſhades, and Huntreſs, who at will
Walk'ſt on the lowring Sphears, and thro' the deep,
On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what ſeat of reſt thou bid'ſt me ſeek;
What certain Seat, where I may worſhip thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Choirs-

To whom ſleeping before the Altar, Diana *in a Viſion that Night, thus anſwered:*

Brute, *ſub occaſum ſolis*, &c.

Brutus, far to the Weſt in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of *Gaul*, a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
Thy courſe, there ſhalt thou find a laſting Seat,
There to thy Sons another *Troy* ſhall riſe
And Kings be born of thee, whoſe dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante *in the* 19*th Canto of* Inferno.

Ah *Conſtantine*, of how much ill was cauſe,
Not thy Converſion, but thoſe rich Domains,
That the firſt wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee!

In

In the 20th Canto of Paradiſe

Founded in chaſte and humble Poverty,
'Gainſt them, that rais'd thee, doſt thou lift thy Horn?
Impudent Whore, where haſt thou plac'd thy Hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got Wealth?
Another *Conſtantine* comes not in haſte.

Arioſto, Cant. 34.

And to be ſhort, at laſt his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he ſees
A mighty maſs of things ſtrangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were loſt, or were abus'd.
Then paſt he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once ſmelt ſweet, now ſtinks as odiouſly;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Conſtantine* to good *Silveſter* gave.

HORACE *to* Quintius.

Whom do we count a good Man, whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controverſies,
Whoſe Witneſs and Opinion wins the Cauſe?
But his own Houſe, and the whole Neighbourhood
Sees his foul inſide through his whited Skin.

Four Greek *Lines out of* Euripides.

This is true Liberty when free-born Men
Having t' adviſe the Publick may ſpeak free,

Which

Which he who can, and will, deſerves his Praiſe;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace;
What can be juſter in a State than this?

HORACE.

——*Valet ima ſummis*
Mutare, & inſignem attenuat Deus,
Obſcura promens, &c.

The Pow'r, that did create, can change the ſcene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brighteſt Glory can eclipſe with might;
And place the moſt obſcure in dazling light.

HORACE.

Te Dacus aſper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurioſo ne pede proruas
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma ceſſantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People; and their Princes too,
All purple Tyrants honour you;
The very wandring *Scythians* do.
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State,
Leſt all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
Let Wars and Tumults ever ceaſe.

CA-

CATULLUS.

Tantò peſſimus omnium Poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worſt of Poets I my ſelf declare,
By how much you the beſt of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

Quis expedivit Salmaſio *ſuam Hundredam,*
Picamque docuit, verba noſtra conari?
Magiſter artis venter, & Jacobei
Centum, exulantis viſcera marſupii regis.
Quòd ſi doloſi ſpes refulſerit nummi,
Ipſe, Antichriſti modò qui primatum Papæ
Minatus uno eſt diſſipare ſufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.

Engliſh'd.

Who taught *Salmaſius*, that *French* chattering Pye,
To aim at *Engliſh*, and Hundreda cry?
The ſtarving Raſcal, fluſht with juſt a hundred
Engliſh Jacobus's Hundreda blunder'd;
An Outlaw'd King's laſt Stock.—A hundred more
Wou'd make him pimp for th' Antichriſtian Whore;
And in *Rome*'s Praiſe imploy his poiſon'd Breath,
Who threatned once to ſtink the Pope to Death.

PSALM

PSALM I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man, who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the Wicked, and i'th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſat: but in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night:
He ſhall be as a tree, which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall;
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

PSAL. II. *done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzette.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muſe a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upſtand
With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords. He who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion's holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath ſaid,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
As thy poſſeſſion, I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and, as thy Conqueſt to be ſway'd,
Earth's utmoſt bonds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length, ye Kings averſe,
Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leſt he appear
In anger, and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere;
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL.

PSAL. III. *Aug.* 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LOrd, how many are my foes!
How many thoſe,
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they,
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my ſhield, my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah; he full ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though encamping round about
They pitch againſt me their Pavilions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me, my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANſwer me, when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraights and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and here my earneſt pray'r.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn;
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to ſeek, to prize
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but lyes?
Yet know, the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart:
(For whom to chooſe he knows.)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin;
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within:
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay,
Who yet will ſhew us good?
Talking like this world's brood:
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,

Than

Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where-e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell,
Thou, Lord, alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God, that takes
In wickedneſs delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy, that ſpeak a lye;
The bloody and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy Houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worſhip low.

Lord, lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me, becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs;
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faultring mouth unſtable
No word is firm, or ſooth;
Their inſide, troubles miſerable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they ſmooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on, for againſt thee they have rebell'd.
Then all, who truſt in thee, ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them; they ſhall ever ſing,
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LOrd, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my Bones, that even with anguiſh ake,
Are troubled, yea my ſoul is troubled ſore;
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs ſake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine Enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much confuſion; then grown red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſte the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

PSAL. VII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chuſh *the* Benjamite *againſt him.*

LOrd, my God, to thee I flie,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my ſoul aſunder,
Tearing, and no reſcue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought

Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy purſue my ſoul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roll
In the duſt my glory dead,
In the duſt, and there out-ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes, that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury aſſwage:
Judgment here thou didſt engage,
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs,
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God, that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is caſt

My

My defence, and in him lies,
In him, who, both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of heart at laſt.

God is a juſt Judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His ſword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold!
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His miſchief, that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the moſt high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 15. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heav'ns thy praiſe to ſet
Out of the tender mouths of lateſt breath!

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Haſt founded ſtrength, becauſe of all thy foes,
To ſtint th' enemy, and ſlack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppoſe.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
The moon and Stars, which thou ſo bright haſt ſet
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
Oh! what is man that thou remembreſt yet

And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found!
Scarce to be leſs than Gods thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his Lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts, that in the field or foreſt meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fiſh, that through the wet
Sea-paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!

April,

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, tranſlated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THou, Shepherd, that doſt Iſrael keep,
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſit'ſt between the Cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-ſpread,
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen* * *Gnorera.*
To ſave us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchſafe;*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * ſmoaking wrath, *and angry vow* * *Gnaſhanta.*
Againſt thy Peoples prayer!

5 Thou

5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'ſt them * largely drink the tears * *Shaliſh.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us, *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

8 A Vine from Egypt thou haſt brought
Thy free love made it thine;
And drov'ſt out Nations *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the Land *at laſt.*

10 With her *green* ſhade, that cover'd *all,*
The Hills were *over-ſpread,*
Her Boughs as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that River *wide*
Her other branches *went.*

12 Why haſt thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go
With rudeſt violence?

13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,

Wild

Wild beaſts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender ſhoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And viſit this *thy* Vine.
15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the Son of Man whom thou
Strong for thy ſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame;
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
Lord God of Hoſts, *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God, our ſtrength, ſing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* Pſaltry bring along,
And Harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring.*
3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty ſound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round.*
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change,*
When as he paſs'd through Egypt's Land,
The Tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toil,*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in * Thunder deep
With clouds encompaſs'd round;

* *BeSether ragnam.*

I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
I teſtifie to thee,
Thou antient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me;
9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt's Land;
Ask large enough, and I, *beſought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear,*
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my People would *be wiſe,*
To ſerve me *all their days,*
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways!
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their Enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend:
But *they, his People, ſhould remain,*
Their time ſhould have no end.

16 And

16 And he would feed them *from the ſhock*
With Flow'r of fineſt wheat;
And ſatisfie them from the Rock
With Honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 GOD in the * great * aſſembly ſtands
Of Kings and lordly States,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands, † *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates,
2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tiſh phetu*
With * judgment falſe and wrong, *gnavel.*
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
who thence grow bold and ſtrong?
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherleſs, * *Shiphtu-dal.*
* Diſpatch the * poor man's cauſe,
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal Laws. † *Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him, *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
And * out of order gone. * *Jimmotu.*
6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God moſt high;
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*

8 Riſe,

8 Riſe, God, * judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth * redreſs; * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he, who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length*,
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou ſtill, O God of *ſtrength*;
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo! thy *furious* foes *now* ſwell,
And * ſtorm outragiouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they, that hate thee, *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Againſt thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
† Their Plots and Counſels deep; † *Sod.*
* Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
* *Jithjagnatſu gnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep. * *Tſephuneca.*
4 Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind, † *Levjathdan.*
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind:
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Deſart dwell,

7 Gebal

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philiſtins, and they of Tyre,
Whoſe bounds the Sea doth check;
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands,
And doth confirm the knot;
All theſe have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That waſted all the coaſt,
To Siſera, and as *is told*
Thou didſt to Jabin's *hoſt,*
When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*
They were repuls'd and ſlain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the Plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped,
So let their Princes ſpeed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſhall we ſeize
God's Houſes and *will now invade*
† Their ſtately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both*
13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel,*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire,
Which on a ſudden ſtrays,
The *greedy* Flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the Mountains blaze;
15 So with thy whirl-wind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;

16 * And

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with ſhame their face.
17 Aſham'd and troubled, let them be,
Troubl'd, and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou, whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame,*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

* *They ſeek thy Name,* Heb.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of Hoſts! how dear
The *pleaſant* Tabernacles are,
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near!
2 My Soul doth long, and almoſt die,
Thy Courts, O Lord, to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*;
The ſwallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* neſt:
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coaſts
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God:
4 Happy, who in thy Houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe;
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

6 They

6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſty* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſom cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoſts, hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear;
9 Thou God, our ſhield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thouſand days *at beſt*:
I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode,*
With Sin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives Grace and glory *bright*;
No good from them ſhall be with-held
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoſts, *that reign'ſt on high,*
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THY Land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not, Lord, been ſlack:
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy People's woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Haſt hid *where none ſhould know.*
3 Thine anger all thou haſt remov'd
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
Far worſe than fire to burn.
4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore;
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That ſo thy People may rejoice
By thee preſerv'd alive?
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew;
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And*

8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear;
For to his People he ſpeaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear:*
To his dear Saints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.

9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.

11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then*;
And Juſtice from her Heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our Land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His Royal harbinger:
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow;
His footſteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
O hear me *I thee pray:*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*
2 Preſerve my Soul, for † I have trod
Thy ways, and love the juſt;
Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt:
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4 O make rejoyce
Thy Servant's Soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* Prayers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs,*
And anſwer *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord nor any works
Of all, that other Gods have done,
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all, whom thou haſt made
Shall come *and all ſhall frame*

† Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*

To

To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right,*
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour, and adore,
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt freed my Soul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God, the Proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life; and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew;
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtyl'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy hand-maid's Son.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou, Lord,
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt;
There ſeated is his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land*; *though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our Forefathers yoke:
mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmoſt ends,*
Lo! this man there was born.
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt,*
This and this man was born in her;
High God ſhall fix her faſt.
6 The Lord ſhall write it in a Scroll
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred Songs are there;
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God, thou doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*
2 Into thy preſence let my pray'r
With ſighs devout aſcend;
And to my cries, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes, and trouble ſore,
Surcharg'd, my Soul doth lie;
My life *at death's unchearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit;
I am a * man, but weak alas!
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite,
Among the dead to *ſleep,*
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight,*
That in the Grave lie *deep:*
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt Pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn,*
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves,*
Full ſore doth preſs on me;

* Thou

* Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves, * *The* Hebr. *bears both.*
* And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious;
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine Eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd ariſe,
And praiſe thee *from their loathſome bed,*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving-kindneſs tell,
On whom the Grave *hath hold;*
Or they, *who* in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*
12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be ſpent;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forſake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and † ſhake
With terror ſent from thee? † Heb. *Præ concuſſione.*
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low,*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo,
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me purſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd from me far;
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

A Paraphraſe on *Pſalm* 114.

This and the following Pſalm *were done by the Author at the Age of fifteen.*

WHen the bleſt Seed of *Terah*'s faithful Son,
After long toil, their liberty had won,
And paſt from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Iſrael* ſhown,
His praiſe and glory was in *Iſrael* known.
That ſaw the troubled Sea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; *Jordan*'s clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint Hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil:
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongſt their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chryſtal Fountains?
Shake, earth, and at the preſence be agaſt
Of Him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt;
That glaſſy flouds from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

PSALM

PSALM 136.

LET us with a gladſom mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake:
For his, *&c.*

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate:
For his, *&c.*

Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain:
For his, *&c.*

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For his, *&c.*

And caus'd the golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run:
For his, *&c.*

The horned Moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright:
For his, *&c.*

He with his thunder-claſping hand,
Smote the firſt-born of *Egypt's* Land:
For his, *&c.*

And in deſpight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Iſrael*:
For his, *&c.*

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythræan* main:
For his, *&c.*

The flouds ſtood ſtill like walls of Glaſs,
While the Hebrew Bands did paſs:
For his, *&c.*

But full ſoon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his pow'r:
For his, *&c.*

His choſen people he did bleſs
In the waſteful Wilderneſs:
For his, *&c.*

In bloudy battle he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown:
For his, *&c.*

He foil'd bold *Sihon* and his hoſt,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaſt:
For his, *&c.*

And

And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew:
For his, *&c.*

And to his ſervant *Iſrael*
He gave their Land therein to dwell:
For his, *&c.*

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery:
For his, *&c.*

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy:
For his, *&c.*

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need:
For his, *&c.*

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majeſty and worth:
For his, *&c.*

That his manſion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

JOANNIS MILTONI
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
Ætatis Viceſimum conſcripſit.

HÆC quæ ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quàm ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; cùm alii præſertim ut id faceret magnoperè ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique, quod plus æquo eſt, non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipſe fores.

Ad

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici Poeseos laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEde, Meles, cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonem.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi,

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore

Non può l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il ſuo valor l'umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto:
Ridillo tu Giovanni e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spince Zeuſi l' induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee traſſe il più raro.

Co ſil' Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton *dal Ciel natio per varie parti*

Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſcegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſer l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa troſeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il ſuo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaramenta conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batte il Tempo l' ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un fermin ſi gl' anni,

Che

Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiurioſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e ſtoria
Furon gia, l'hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto:
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lidar con lo ſtupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Florentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI,

Juveni Patriâ, & virtutibus eximio.

VIro, qui multâ peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed vaſtitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoriâ totus Orbis: In intellectu Sapientia: in voluntate ardor gloriæ: in ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœleſtium Sphærarum ſonitus, Aſtronomiâ Duce, audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei Magnitudo deſcribitur, magiſtrâ Philoſophiâ, legenti: Antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite aſſiduâ autorum Lectione exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.

At

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ & amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Diodatus Patricius Florentinus

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ
Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtrî, tamque fidele caput:
Quódque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet:
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbráſque negantia molles:
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec

Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri,
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero,
Victorive foret laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos:
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, & effuſis crinibus ora rotat;
Et dolet aſpecto, juvat & ſpectâſſe dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper, nec in urbe, latemus;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hìc blandas ſpirantia ſydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ,
Quæ poſſet ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque, bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quà fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellaceſque genas, ad quas hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, & ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Muſa columnas
Jactet, & Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera, ſat tibi ſit, fœmina, poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis,
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,
Quot tibi conſpicuæ formâque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus:

Huic

Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simöentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roſeam poſthabitura Cypron.
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia ſecunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante deâ.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris:
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,

Quin

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet & totis nænia mœſta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis.

MOeſtus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo:
Protinus en! ſubiit funeſtæ cladis imago,
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos & jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapûm ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis:
Et memini Heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, digniſſime Præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quòd ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quòd in herboſos jus tibi detur agros?
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa?
Nec ſinis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis;
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus;
Invida, tanta tibi cùm ſit conceſſa poteſtas,
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus ab Eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro;
(Heu! nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.)
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cùm Juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racemiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce! mihi ſubitò præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sydereum nitido fulſit in ore jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono:

Agmina

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;
Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulſa quies:
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice ſomnos,
Talia contingant ſomnia ſæpe mihi!

Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem ſuum, apud Mercatores Anglicos, Hamburgæ agentes, Paſtoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immenſum ſubitò mea littera, pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obſtet eunti
Et feſtinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipſe ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides ſollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque ſuis comitatam Doridâ Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per ſua regna viam.
At tu, ſi poteris, celeres tibi ſume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleuſinâ miſſus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiſo quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediſſe neci.

Vivit

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præſul, Chriſticolas paſcere doctus oves:
Ille quidem eſt animæ pluſquam pars altera noſtræ;
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quám tu, doctiſſime Graiûm,
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quámque Stagirites generoſo magnus alumno,
Quem perperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte receſſus
Luſtrabam, & bifidi ſacra vireta jugi;
Pierioſque hauſi latices, Clioque favente,
Caſtalio ſparſii læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at ſignum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti, Chlori, ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum;
Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo;
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei;
Cœleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modò adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modeſtos
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prœlia Muſis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

Accipe ſinceram, quamvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen,
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti;
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe ſariſſipheri crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi
Neve moras ultrà ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis;
Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et ſata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germaniſque ſuum conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit Io! terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volâſſe domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria, dura parens, & ſaxis ſævior albis,
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,

Siccine

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et ſinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,
Deſertaſque Arabum ſalebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis &, horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Iëſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos; nec ſpes cadat anxia curis
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Déque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus;
Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi:
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris;
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuráque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeris) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeſt,
Munere veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & ſonitus me ſacer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo:
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum;
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid ſacer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ, ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc ſubeat Muſa quotannis opus.
Jam ſol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius, plauſtrum cœleſte, Boötes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ.
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo:
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dî timuere ſcelus.
Fortè aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cùm primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora, ſeniles;
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt; quid enim formoſius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus!
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis!
Ecce! coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim!
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.

Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſſit egena toros;
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd, ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cùm tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
Frigora, Phœbe, meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ;
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ;
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circùm mulcebit lenè ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phäetonteo fumidus axis equo:
Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo ſapientiùs uteris igne;
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces;
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo;

Jamque

Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperâſſe Dianam;
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe! per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen! & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum
Ut ſibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro;
Sylvanuſque ſuâ Cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres:
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes:
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit malè tecta videri;
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos aſpera tela, redis?

Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia ſexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, & ſua carmina excuſari poſtulâſſet, ſi ſolito minùs eſſent bona, quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hoc habuit reſponſum.

MItto tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Quâ tu, diſtento, fortè carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quam te redamémque colámque;
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas:
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
Feſtaque, cœliſugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibuſque poësin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtâſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euœ!
Miſta Thyonëo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non ſata vitis erat.

Quid

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euân,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elëo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumquè per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat, argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacituu per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venusque.
Et cum perpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poëtis,
Sæpiùs & veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,

Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperûm conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magiſtri,
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis, veſte nitens ſacrâ, & luſtralibus undis,
Surgis ad infenſos, augur, iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis;
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos;
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu, ſiquid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumq; polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, Anno Ætatis undevigeſimo.

NOndum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathuſia, nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de paſſeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet:
Ver erat, & ſumma radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas:
Addideratque iras, ſed & has decuiſſe putares;
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle, minas.
Et, miſer, exemplo ſapuiſſes tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc, mea quid poſſit dextera, teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego, ſi neſcis, ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit & ille mihi;

Et

Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea,
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere, Parthus eques.
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jnpiter ipſe licèt ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi:
Nec te, ſtulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat;
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus;
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unum fortè aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam;
Principium noſtri lux erit illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos:
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec

Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori;
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores;
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea, miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis, non reditura, meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet; ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaräus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui;
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi, nullus ſic infeliciter arſit;
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cùm ſis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O! certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens:
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores;
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modò da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas parva magiſtra fuit:
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe Sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus?
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis:
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SIccine tentâſti cœlo donâſſe Jacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino, Bellua, monte lates?
Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.

Sic

Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene ſcândet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iäcobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea ſacra, Britanne;
Supplicium ſpretâ relligione, dabis:
Et, ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublimè rotatus ab igne
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

IApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuîque ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi ſi gloria major?
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah! miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
Quamvis Dircæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naida ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœna Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidum ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex Malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſe parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam dare supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos, si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu! moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numen-

Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te, Philyreïe,
Sagitta echidnæ perlita ſanguine;
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæſe puer, genitricis alvo.
Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloriâ,
Nec puppe luſträſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.
At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cùm te viderit artibus,
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra, precor, tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit; jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cùm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo
Fortè per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros.
Hîc tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcera gentes;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace:
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ſeu Caſpia Tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris;
Talibus infeſtat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Trojæ.
At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quod-

Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato (ſolum hoc lachrymabile) mundo,
Inveni, dixit; gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tentamina poſſunt,
Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines; à parte ſiniſtrâ
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cùm circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt ſummiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantûm ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis,
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremitúſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum:
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.

His

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemq. ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegethontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso; &, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit funè salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, utì fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus,
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaq; triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni;
Surge, age; surge, piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur, quoſcumque habet Anglia fidos,
Propoſiti, factique mone; quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſúque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus:
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et ne quid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit, & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cùm ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.

Eſt

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis,
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hîc inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hîc Dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; ſequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris;
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitùs noſtro conjungere mundo;
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et Rex & pariter Satrapæ, ſcelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ:
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi vult ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terrâ
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hîc turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ,

Mille

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hîc varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis aſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ,
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas latè ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli;
Miliſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo; ſervati ſcilicet Angli,
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama, ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo?
Nec plura; illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et, ſatis antè fugax, ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:

Et primò Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubitò penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſcereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres:
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum Præſulis Elienſis.*

ADhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis præſulis.
Cùm centilinguis Fama (proh! ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuncia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti in inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum,
Sponſamque Neobulen ſuam.
At ecce! diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas;
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtóve nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa, cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit:
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currûs ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia;
Non enſis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
  Frænis dracones aureis;
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
  Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
  Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam Cryſtallinam, &
  Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hîc tacebo; nam quis effari queat
  Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
  Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
  Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profun(dis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem,
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſec'lo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis!
  Ergóne marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, & Temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ

Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius aſtris,
Conſu'uit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, & ambitos ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer, ut olim
Fulmineùm rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli;
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitóque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem

Ægæona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi ſæcli, vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet, & puer ille decorem
Phœbe, tuuſque &, Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

DIcite, ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ
Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis, otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura ſollers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unûſque et univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis:
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;
Seu ſempiternus ille ſyderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas

Et

Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore ſyderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licèt
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem:
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens,)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus:
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxti ſcholis)
Jam jam poëtas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipſa fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſunt munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, (quamvìs nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.)
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundáque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet;
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibillæ
Carmine ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis:
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilas compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cùm nondum luxus, vaſtæque immenſa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cæna Lyæo:
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitos ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſûſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures

Car-

Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu, perge precor, ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur?
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis dumnas clamoribus aures:
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora; tuo, pater optime, ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, &, quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ora loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aër,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôſſe licet, per te, ſi nôſſe libebit:
Dimotâque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube.

Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvìs & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul, vigiles curæ, procul eſte, querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba, poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenſere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatúmque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὁτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβυ
Ἀιγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μῦθον ἔλω ὅσιον γένος ἦες Ἰοῦδα.

Ἐν

Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν·
Εἶδε χὴ ἐνλεπάδλω φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησε θάλασσα
Κύμαπ εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὀδ' ἀῤ' ἐσυφελίχθη
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνης ποπὶ ἀργυρεηδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέονλο,
Ὡς κειοὶ σφειγόωνλες ἐϋτρεφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρλησαν ἐείπναι,
Οἷα θοὰὶ συείγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπλε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησας;
Κύμαπ εἰλυμῴη ῥοδίῳ; πί δ' ἀῤ' ἐσυφελίχθης
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνη ποπὶ ἀργυρεηδέα πηγιὼ;
Τίπλ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονεέσθε
Ὡς κειοὶ σφειγόωντες ἐϋτρεφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραι πί δ' ἀῤ' ὔμμες ἀνασκιρλῴσατ', ἐείπναι,
Οἷα θοὰὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκλυπέονλα,
Γαῖα, θεὸν, τρέισ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰακὼβ δαο
Ὅς τε χὴ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὺς χέε μορμύρονταις,
Κρήνιωτ' ἄεναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS *ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum & inſontem inter reos fortè captum inſcius damnaverat; tuò ὅπ θανάτῳ ποδιόμιθ hæc ſubito miſit.*

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τ' ἔννομον, ἀδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δρᾴσωνλα, σοφώταλον ἴδι κάρηνον
Ῥιϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μᾶλλόν ὡς δ' ἀῤ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρῃ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιθ ἀμείνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγρᾴφθαι χειρὶ τιὼδε μὴ εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, εἰδθ αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπωτὸν ἐκ ὀπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλε δυσμίμημα ζωγρᾴφε.

Aa

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa, greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Adeſdum, & hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, camœna noſtra, cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quámque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnos ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ.
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa, Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnosùm ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Pœbe, morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt:
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rurſùm Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos

Numa,

Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum
Suam reclinis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans,
Tumiduſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges,
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitiâ ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poëmate cui titulus, Geruſalemme conquiſtata, *lib.* 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo———

Is authorem Neapoli commoranten ſummâ benevolentiâ proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆC quoque, Manſe, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manſe, choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque, ſi noſtræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Jùnxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.

Ille

Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa, tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit,
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo: cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ:
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum,
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabere Muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boöten;
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua, ſacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc, quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
In Delo herboſâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora ſuco.

For-

Fortunate ſenex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitâſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licèt magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium propè rivum: ibi ſæpè ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum, blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo
Saxa ſtetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſylvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis, poterit magno faviſſe poëtæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbeos decorâſſe viros qui tam benè nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arcturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)

Frangam

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam, ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecurâ pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cœlicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundî de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) & totâ mente ſerenum
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus,
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM
DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis & Damon ejuſdem vicinia Paſtores, eadem ſtudia ſequuti, à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimùm. Thyrſis animi cauſâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, & rem ita eſſe comperiens, ſe ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Diodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HImerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin, & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen;
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et Jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſtâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſcâ retinebat in urbe.
Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.

Ite

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funera, Damon?
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, et malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æſculeâ ſomnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ,
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,

Quis

Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepores?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hîc ſerum expecto, ſupra caput imber & Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Mec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tytirus ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,
Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſydera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum;
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te, Thyrſi, futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri;
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit: miſer ille bis eſt qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;

Nil

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci!
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege; ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri.
Lex eadem pelagi; deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi ſors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore diſcors;
Vix ſibi quiſque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam.
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas & oves & rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale!
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe *vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.*
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit,
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
His Charis atque Lepos, & Thuſcus tu quoque Damon,

Anti-

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec, puto, multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtrâ ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah! quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus!
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura,
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi;
Heus bone! numquid agas? niſi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus? & arguta paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni!
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſq; crocos, foliúmq; hyacinthi,
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm.
Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm.
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecêre magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluêre tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuêre ſonos: dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ
Brennúmque Arviragúmque duces, priſcúmq; Belinum.

Et

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen;
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptáque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fiſtula, pinu,
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia: mî ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licèt, externo penitúſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibúſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura ſimul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manſus,
Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & ſudantes balſama ſilvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, & ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?

Nec

Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà:
Ite procul, lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divoſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylvíſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23. 1646.
Ad *Joannem Rouſium*, Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuò mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ
Munditiéque nitens non operoſâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras,

Nunc

Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius,
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cùm tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, Thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineámque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo tereris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix ; en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe ;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi, quibus & ipſe præſidet,
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön Actæâ genitus Crëusâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum,
Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
Delo poſthabitâ,
Biſidóque Parnaſſi jugo :

Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſî;
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet:
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis; quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ χέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

The End of the POEMS.